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# PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH



A REPRINT OF AN 1869 ESSAY

...BY...

PHEBE E. GIBBONS

ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM "OLDEN TIMES" BY H. L. FISHER — 1888.

\$1.00



## FOREWORD

This booklet presents early essays by one of the first and most creditable authors ever to write about the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Phebe Earle Gibbons was a contributor to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, *New York Tribune*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other important national publications.

Born in Philadelphia in 1821, the author was the daughter of a Quaker, Thomas Earle, who was once a candidate for Vice President of the United States on the Liberal Party ticket. In 1845 she married Dr. Joseph Gibbons and moved to Bird-in-Hand, where she came in contact with a large number of plain people who lived in that area.

During the thirty-five years she lived among the Pennsylvania Dutch in Lancaster County, Mrs. Gibbons came to know and appreciate their customs, beliefs, superstitions and folklore. Her sketches of the Pennsylvania Dutch are still considered among the most important of all the published materials on the subject.

Dr. Cornelius Weygant, Professor of American Literature, University of Pennsylvania from 1897-1952 and the author of *The Red Hills* (1928) and *The Dutch Country* (1939) credited Mrs. Gibbons for "revealing us as an interesting and kindly people." Dr. Alfred Shoemaker, founder of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society wrote, "One can unreservedly call Phebe Earle Gibbons the greatest woman who ever lived in Lancaster County." In referring to her book, *The Pennsylvania Dutch*, he wrote, "... I feel no hesitancy in calling it the best thing on the Pennsylvania Dutch up to 1950 ..."

Today, nearly a century after the publication of her early articles and essays, it is little wonder that the publisher of a series of booklets titled "Pennsylvania Dutchland" should include reprints of her famous works to the series.

The booklet titled, *The Plain People* in Pennsylvania Dutchland contains reprints of her essays on the Plain sects in their entirety. Included are interesting accounts of an Amish meeting; the Dunkard Love-Feast; the Moravians; Schwenkfelders, Friends and Ephrata.

A companion booklet titled, *The Pennsylvania Dutch* is essentially a reprint of her first article, which appeared in the October 1869 edition of *The Atlantic Monthly*. By 1872 this article was expanded into her famous book, *Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays*, which passed through three editions — 1872, 1874 and 1882. Included in the booklet are characterizations of the language, religion, politics, festivals, weddings, quiltings, farming, household activities, holidays, schools, manners and customs, superstitions, medical practices, and other interesting information.

It is appropriate that illustrations for both booklets, *The Plain People* and *The Pennsylvania Dutch*, were selected from H. L. Fisher's *Olden Times or Pennsylvania Rural Life*, (York, Penna., 1888), another interesting publication from a similar period of time.

ELMER L. SMITH



# THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH



**PHEBE EARLE GIBBONS**

**A Reprint of the Famous Essay first published  
in the Atlantic Monthly in October 1869.**

**ILLUSTRATIONS FROM H. L. FISHER'S  
"OLDEN TIMES" OR "PENNSYLVANIA RURAL LIFE" — 1888.**

*Publishers*



*APPLIED ARTS*



*Witmer, Pa.*

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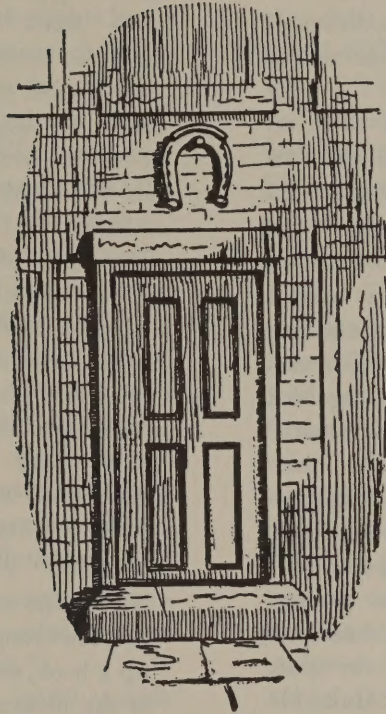
### PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

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But if the day was otherwise,  
 So that his shadow was not seen,  
 Still was the hog more weatherwise  
 Than any beast had ever been;  
 He knew that snow and ice would yield  
 To sunshine, and the birds would sing  
 In wood and vale and smiling field,  
 And usher in an early spring.



The Moon, sweet silvery queen of night,  
 The Sun, high ruler of the day,  
 Great sov'reignties of heat and light,  
 Whom winds and waves and tides obey;  
 Our fathers knew, but cared not how  
 Each wielded a mysterious power  
 O'er earth and sea and tree and flower.

A tree cut in a waning moon,  
 They said would shrink and soon decay;  
 A tree cut in a waxing moon  
 Would season well and last for aye;  
 All things were done by signs and times—  
 Sometimes 'twould miss—they would confess—  
 But 'though misled by times and signs  
 Their faith in them was none the less.

H. L. F.

Mapleshade, West York, Sep. 4th, 1886.



# "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH."

(PROPERLY GERMAN.)

I HAVE lived for twenty years in the county of Lancaster, where my neighbors on all sides are "Pennsylvania Dutch."

## LANGUAGE.

The tongue which these people speak is a dialect of the German, but they generally call it and themselves "Dutch."

For the native German who works with them on the farm they entertain some contempt, and the title "Yankee" is with them a synonyme for cheat. As must always be the case where the great majority do not read the tongue which they speak, and live in contact with those who speak another, the language has become mixed and corrupt. Seeing a young neighbor cleaning a buggy, I tried to talk with him by speaking German. "Willst du reiten?" said I (not remembering that *reiten* is to ride on horseback). "Willst du reiten?" All my efforts were vain.

As I was going for cider to the house of a neighboring farmer, I asked his daughter what she would say, under the circumstances, for "Are you going to ride?" "Widda fawray? Buggy fawray?" was the answer. (Willst du fahren?) Such expressions are heard as "Kooek amol to," for "Guck einmal da," or "Just look at that!" and "Halt'ybissel" for "Halt ein bisschen," or "Wait a little bit." "Gutenobit" is used for "Guten Abend." Apple-butter is "Iodwaerrick," from the German *leuterge*, an electuary, or an electuary of prunes. Our "Dutch" is much mixed with English. I once asked a woman what pie-crust is in Dutch. "Py-kroosht," she answered.

Those who speak English use uncommon expressions, as,—"*That's a werry lasty basket*" (meaning durable); "I seen him yet a'ready;" "I knew a woman that had a good baby *runst*;" "The bread is all" (all gone). I have heard the carpenter call his plane *she*, and a house-keeper apply the same pronoun to her home-made soap.

A rich landed proprietor is sometimes called *king*. An old "Dutchman" who was absent from home thus narrated the cause of his journey: "I must go and see old Yoke (Jacob) Beidelman. Te people calls me te kink ov te Manor (township), and tay calls him te kink ov te Octorara. Now, dese kinks must come togeder once." (Accent *together*, and pass quickly over *once*.)

## RELIGION.

I called recently on my friend and neighbor, Jacob S., who is a thrifty farmer, of a good mind, and a

member of the old Mennist or Mennonite Society. I once accompanied him and his pleasant wife to their religious meeting. The meeting-house is a low brick building, with neat surroundings, and resembles a Friends' meeting-house. The Mennonists in some outward matters very much resemble the Society of Friends (or Quakers), but do not rely, in the especial manner that Friends do, upon the teachings of the Divine Spirit in the secret stillness of the soul.

In the interior of the Mennist meeting a Quaker-like plainness prevails. The men, with broad-brimmed hats and simple dress, sit on benches on one side of the house, and the women, in plain caps and black sun-bonnets, are ranged on the other; while a few gay dresses are worn by the young people who have not yet joined the meeting. The services are almost always conducted in "Dutch," and consist of exhortation and prayer, and singing by the congregation. The singing is without previous training, and is not musical. A pause of about five minutes is allowed for private prayer.

The preachers are not paid, and are chosen in the following manner. When a vacancy occurs, and a new appointment is required, several men go into a small room, chosen for the purpose; and to them, waiting, enter singly the men and women, as many as choose, who tell them the name of the person preferred by each to fill the vacancy. After this, an opportunity is given to any candidate to excuse himself from the service.

Those who are not excused, if, for instance, six in number, are brought before six books. Each candidate takes up a book, and the one within whose book a lot is found is the chosen minister. I asked my friends who gave me some of these details, whether it was claimed or believed that there is any special guidance of the Divine Spirit in thus choosing a minister. From the reply, I did not learn that any such guidance is claimed, though they spoke of a man who was *led* to pass his hand over all the other books, and who selected the last one, but he did not get the lot after all. He was thought to be ambitious of a place in the ministry.

The three prominent sects of Mennonites all claim to be non-resistants, or *wehrlos*. The Old Mennists, who are the most numerous and least rigid, vote at elections, and are allowed to hold such public offices as school director and road supervisor, but not to be members of the legislature. The ministers are expected not to vote.\* The members of this society cannot bring suit against any one; they can hold mortgages, but not judgment bonds.† Like Quakers, they were not allowed to hold

\* An acquaintance, who lives in Bucks County, tells me that his father, a Mennonite preacher, voted "pretty much always."

† The rule against judgment bonds is not universal.



slaves, and they do not take oaths nor deal in spirituous liquors.

My neighbor Jacob and I were once talking of the general use of the word "Yankee" to denote one who is rather unfair in his dealings. They sometimes speak of a "Dutch Yankee," and Jacob asked me whether, if going to sell a horse, I should tell the buyer every fault that I knew the horse had, as he maintained was the proper course. His brother-in-law, who was at times a horse-dealer, did not agree with him.

Titles do not abound among these plain neighbors of ours. Jacob's little son used to call him "Jake," as he heard the hired men do. Nevertheless, one of our New Mennist acquaintances was quite courtly in his address.

This last-mentioned sect branched off some fifty years ago, and claim to be *reformists*, or to have returned to an older and more excellent standard. They do not vote at all. Their most striking peculiarity is this: if one of the members is disowned by the church, the other members of his own family who are members of the meeting are not allowed to eat at the same table with him, and his wife withdraws from him. A woman who worked in such a family told me how unpleasant it was to her to see that the father did not take his seat at the table, to which she was invited.

In support of this practice, they refer to the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter of First Corinthians: "But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one *no not to eat*."

We have yet another sect among us, called Amish (pronounced Ommish). In former times these Mennists were sometimes known as "beardy men," but of late years the beard is not a distinguishing trait. It is said that a person once asked an Amish man the difference between themselves and another Mennist sect. "Vy, dey veers puttons, and ve veersh hooks oont eyes;" and this is, in fact, a prime difference. All the Mennist sects retain the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, but most also practise foot-washing, and some sectarians "greet one another with a holy kiss."

On a Sunday morning Amish wagons, covered with yellow oil-cloth, may be seen moving toward the house of that member whose turn it is to have the meeting. Great have been the preparations there beforehand,—the whitewashing, the scrubbing, the polishing of tin and brass. Wooden benches and other seats are provided for the "meeting-folks," and the services resemble those already described. Of course, young mothers do not stay at home, but bring their infants with them. When the meeting is over, the congregation remain to dinner. Bean soup was formerly the principal dish, but, with the progress of luxury, the farmers of a fat soil no longer

confine themselves to so simple a diet. Imagine what a time of social intercourse this must be.

The Amish dress is peculiar; and the children are diminutive men and women. The women wear sun-bonnets and closely-fitting dresses, but often their figures look very trim, in brown, with green or other bright handkerchiefs meeting over the breast. I saw a group of Amish at the railroad station the other day,—men, women, and a little boy. One of the young women wore a pasteboard sun-bonnet covered with black, and tied with narrow blue ribbon, among which showed the thick white strings of her Amish cap; a gray shawl, without fringe; a brown stuff dress, and a purple apron. One middle-aged man, inclined to corpulence, had coarse, brown, woollen clothes, and his pantaloons were without suspenders, in the Amish fashion. No buttons were on his coat behind, but down the front were hooks and eyes. One young girl wore a bright brown sun-bonnet, a green dress, and a light blue apron. The choicest figure, however, was the six-year-old, in a jacket, and with pantaloons plentifully plaited into the waistband behind: hair cut straight over the forehead, and hanging to the shoulder; and a round-crowned black wool hat, with an awfully wide brim. The little girls, down to two years old, wear the plain cap, and the handkerchief crossed upon the breast.

In Amish houses the love of ornament appears in brightly scoured utensils,—how the brass ladles are made to shine!—and in embroidered towels, one end of the towel showing a quantity of work in colored cottons. When steel or elliptic springs were introduced, so great a novelty was not at first patronized by members of the meeting; but an infirm brother, desiring to visit his friends, directed the blacksmith to put a spring inside his wagon, under the seat, and since that time steel springs have become common. I have even seen a youth with flowing hair (as is common among the Amish), and two trim-bodied damsels, riding in a very plain, uncovered buggy. A. Z. rode in a common buggy; but he became a great backslider, poor man!

It was an Amish man, not well versed in the English language, from whom I bought poultry, who sent me a bill for "chighans."

In mentioning some ludicrous circumstances, far be it from me to ignore the virtues of these primitive people.

#### HISTORY OF A SECT.

The Mennonites are named from Menno Simons, a reformer, who died in 1561, though it is doubtful whether Menno founded the sect. "The prevailing opinion among church historians, especially those of Holland, is that the origin of the Dutch Baptists may



be traced to the Waldenses, and that Menno merely organized the concealed and scattered congregations as a denomination."

Mosheim says, "The true origin of that sect, which acquired the denomination of Anabaptists, by their administering anew the rite of baptism to those who came over to their communion, and derived that of Mennonites from the famous man to whom they owe the greatest part of their present felicity, is hidden in the depths of antiquity, and is of consequence extremely difficult to be ascertained." The "Martyr-Book," or "Martyr's Mirror," in use among our Mennonites, endeavors to prove identity of doctrine between the Waldenses and these Baptists, as regards opposition to infant baptism, to war, and to oaths.

Although the Mennonites are very numerous in the county of Lancaster, yet in the whole State they were estimated, in 1850, to have but ninety-two churches, while the Lutherans and German Reformed together were estimated as having seven hundred.

The freedom of religious opinion which was allowed in Pennsylvania had the effect of drawing hither the continental Europeans, who established themselves in the fertile lands of the western part of the county of Chester, now Lancaster. It was not until the revolution of 1848 that the different German states granted full civil rights to the Mennonites; and in some cases this freedom has since been withdrawn; Hanover, in 1858, annulled the election of a representative to the second chamber, because he was a Mennonite. Much of this opposition probably is because the sect refuse to take oaths. With such opposing circumstances in the Old World, it is not remarkable that the number of Mennonites in the United States has been reported to exceed that in all the rest of the world put together. The Amish are named from Jacob Amen, a Swiss Mennonite preacher of the seventeenth century.

As I understand the Mennonites, they endeavor in church government literally to carry out the injunction of Jesus, "Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

Besides these sectaries, we have among us Dunkers (German *tunken*, to dip), from whom sprang the Seventh-Day Baptists of Ephratah, with their brother- and sister-houses of celibates.

Also at Litiz we have the Moravian church and Gottesacker (or churchyard), and a Moravian church at Lancaster. Here, according to custom, a love-feast was

held recently, when a cup of coffee and a rusk (sweet biscuit) were handed to each person present.

We have, too, a number of "Dutch Methodists," or *Albrechtsleute* (followers of Albrecht), to whom is given the name Evangelical Association. These are full of zeal or activity in church, like the early Methodists; and I saw a young man fall apparently into a trance at a camp-meeting, lying upon the ground, to the satisfaction of his wife, who probably thought he was "happy."

#### POLITICS.

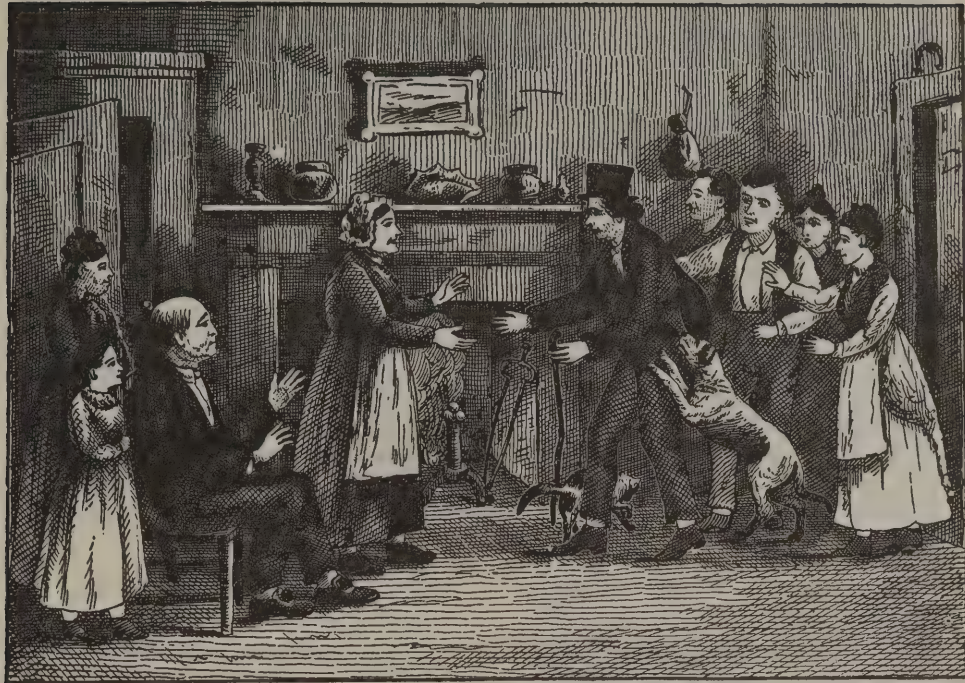
As our county was represented in Congress by Thaddeus Stevens, you have some idea of what our politics are. We have returned about five or six thousand majority for the Whig, Anti-Masonic, and Republican ticket, and the adjoining very "Dutch" county of Berks invariably as great a majority for the Democratic. So striking a difference has furnished much ground for speculation. The Hon. John Strohm says that Berks is Democratic because so many Hessians settled there after the Revolution. "No," says the Hon. Mr. B., "I attribute it to the fact that the people are not taught by unpaid ministers, as with us, but are Lutherans and German Reformed, and can be led by their preachers." "Why is Berks Democratic?" I once asked our Democratic postmaster. "I do not know," said he; "but the people here are ignorant; they do not read a paper on the other side." A former postmaster tells me that he has heard that the people of Berks were greatly in favor of liberty in the time of the elder Adams; that they put up liberty-poles, and Adams sent soldiers among them and had the liberty-poles cut down; and "ever since they have been opposed to that political party, under its different names."

A gentleman of Reading has told me that he heard James Buchanan express, in the latter part of his life, a similar opinion to one given before. Mr. Buchanan said, in effect, that while peace sects prevailed in Lancaster County, in Berks were found many Lutherans and German Reformed, who were more liberal (according, of course, to Mr. Buchanan's interpretation of the word).

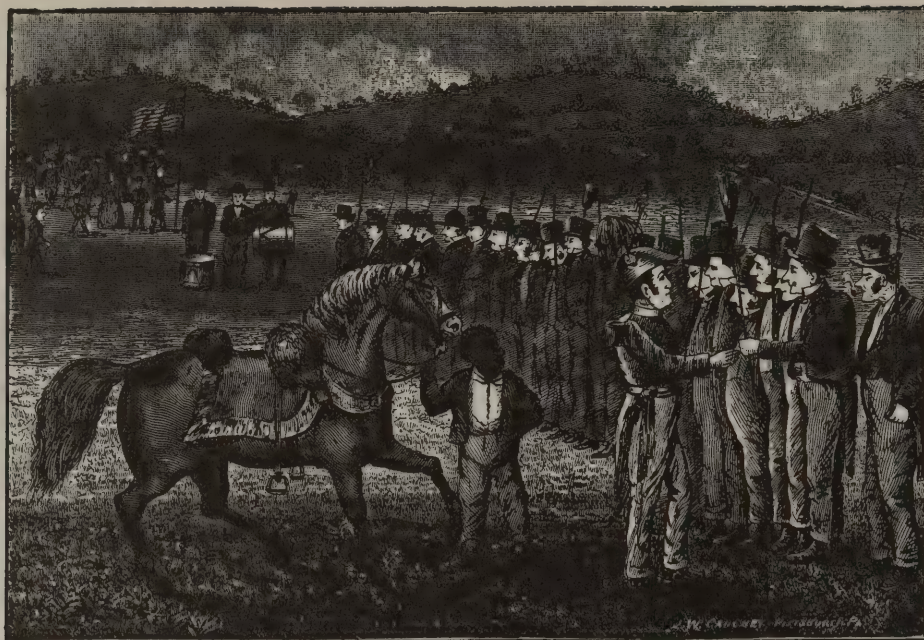
The troubles alluded to in Berks seem to have been principally on account of a direct tax, called "the house-tax," imposed during the administration of John Adams.

A gentleman of Easton, Northampton County, tells me of a German farmer, who lived near that town, who said he did not see any need of so many parties,—the Democrats and Lutherans were enough. On his death-bed he is reported to have said to his son, "I never voted anything but the Democratic ticket, and I want you to stick to the party."









#### FESTIVALS.

The greatest festive occasion, or the one which calls the greatest number of persons to eat and drink together, is the funeral.

My friends Jacob and Susanna E. have that active benevolence and correct principle which prompt to a care for the sick and dying, and kind offices toward the mourner. Nor are they alone in this. When a death occurs, our "Dutch" neighbors enter the house, and, taking possession, relieve the family as far as possible from the labors and cares of a funeral. Some "redd up" the house, making that which was neglected during the sad presence of a fatal disease again in order for the reception of company. Others visit the kitchen, and help to bake great store of bread, pies, and rusks for the expected gathering. Two young men and two young women generally sit up together overnight to watch in a room adjoining that of the dead.

At funerals occurring on Sunday three hundred carriages have been seen in attendance; and so great at all times is the concourse of people of all stations and all shades of belief, and so many partake of the entertainment liberally provided, that I may be excused for calling funerals the great festivals of the "Dutch." (Weddings are also highly festive occasions, but they are confined to the "freundschaft," and to much smaller numbers.)

The services at funerals are generally conducted in the German language.

An invitation is extended to the persons present to return to eat after the funeral, or the meal is partaken of before leaving for the graveyard: hospitality, in all rural districts, where the guests come from afar, seems to require this. The tables are sometimes set in a barn,

or large wagon-house, and relays of guests succeed one another, until all are done. The neighbors wait upon the table. The entertainment generally consists of meat, frequently cold; bread and butter; pickles or sauces, such as apple-butter; pies and rusks; sometimes stewed chickens, mashed potatoes, cheese, etc.; and coffee invariably. All depart after the dish-washing, and the family is left in quiet again.

I have said that persons of all shades of belief attend funerals; but our New Mennists are not permitted to listen to the sermons of other denominations. Memorial stones over the dead are more conspicuous than among Friends; but they are still quite plain, with simple inscriptions. Occasionally family graveyards are seen. One on a farm adjoining ours seems cut out of the side of a field; it stands back from the high-road, and access to it is on foot. To those who are anxious to preserve the remains of their relatives, these graveyards are objectionable, as they will probably not be regarded after the property has passed into another family.

A Lutheran gentleman, living in Berks County, in speaking of the great funerals among the "Dutch," says, "Our Germans look forward all their lives to their funerals, hoping to be able to entertain their friends on that great occasion with the hospitality due to them, and the honor due to the memory of the departed." No spirituous liquors, he added, are *now* used at funerals, the clergy having discouraged their use on these religious occasions. In a mountain valley in Carbon County, about thirty years ago, a bottle of whiskey was handed to a Lutheran minister, and he was asked to take some. "Yes, I'll have some," he answered; and taking the bottle, he broke it against a tree.



## WEDDINGS.

Our farmer had a daughter married lately, and I was invited to see the bride leave home. The groom, in accordance with the early habits of the "Dutch" folks, reached the bride's house about six in the morning, having previously breakfasted and ridden four miles. As he probably fed and harnessed his horse, besides attiring himself for the grand occasion, he must have been up betimes on an October morning.

The bride wore purple mousseline-de-laine and a blue bonnet. As some of the "wedding-folks" were dilatory, the bride and groom did not get off before seven. The bridegroom was a mechanic. The whole party was composed of four couples, who rode to Lancaster in buggies, where two pairs were married by a minister. In the afternoon the newly-married couples went down to Philadelphia for a few days; and on the evening that they were expected at home we had a reception, or homecoming. Supper consisted of roast turkeys, beef, and stewed chickens, cakes, pies, and coffee of course. We had raisin-pie, which is a great treat in "Dutchland" on festive or solemn occasions. "Nine couples" of the party sat down to supper, and then the remaining spare seats were occupied by the landlord's wife, the bride's uncle, etc. We had a fiddler in the evening. He and the dancing would not have been there had the household "belonged to meeting;" and, as it was, some young Methodist girls did not dance.

One of my "English" acquaintances was sitting alone on a Sunday evening, when she heard a rap at the door, and a young "Dutchman," a stranger, walked in and sat down, "and there he sot, and sot, and sot." Mrs. G. waited to hear his errand, politely making conversation; and finally he asked whether her daughter was at home. "Which one?" He did not know. But that did not make much difference, as neither was at home. Mrs. G. afterwards mentioned this circumstance to a worthy "Dutch" neighbor, expressing surprise that a young man should call who had not been introduced. "How then *would* they get acquainted?" said he. She suggested that she did not think that her daughter knew the young man. "She would not tell you, perhaps, if she did." The daughter, however, when asked, seemed entirely ignorant, and did not know that she had ever seen the young man. He had probably seen her at the railroad station, and had found out her name and residence. It would seem to indicate much confidence on the part of parents, if, when acquaintances are formed in such a manner, the father and mother retire at nine o'clock, and leave their young daughter thus to "keep company" until midnight or later. It is no wonder that one of our German sects has declared against the popular manner of "courting."

I recently attended a New Mennist wedding, which took place in the frame meeting-house. We entered through an adjoining brick dwelling, one room of which served as an ante-room, where the "sisters" left their bonnets and shawls. I was late, for the services had begun about nine on a bitter Sunday morning in December. The meeting-house was crowded, and in front on the left was a plain of book-muslin caps on the heads of the sisters. On shelves and pegs, along the other side, were placed the hats and overcoats of the brethren. The building was extremely simple,—whitewashed without, entirely unpainted within, with whitewashed walls. The preacher stood at a small, unpainted desk, and before it was a table, convenient for the old men "to sit at and lay their books on." Two stoves, a half-dozen hanging tin candlesticks, and the benches completed the furniture. The preacher was speaking extemporaneously in English, for in this meeting-house the services are often performed in this tongue; and he spoke readily and well, though his speech was not free from such expressions as, "It would be wishful for men to do their duty;" "Man cannot separate them together;" and "This, Christ done for us."

He spoke at length upon divorce, which, he said, could not take place between Christians. The preacher spoke especially upon the duty of the wife to submit to the husband whenever differences of sentiment arose; of the duty of the husband to love the wife, and to show his love by his readiness to assist her. He alluded to Paul's saying that it is better to be unmarried than married, and he did not scruple to use plain language touching adultery. His discourse ended, he called upon the pair proposing marriage to come forward; whereupon the man and woman rose from the body of the congregation on either side, and, coming out to the middle aisle, stood together before the minister. They had both passed their early youth, but had very good faces. The bride wore a mode-colored alpaca, and a black apron; also a clear-starched cap without a border, after the fashion of the sect. The groom wore a dark-green coat, cut "shad-bellied," after the fashion of the brethren.

This was probably the manner of their acquaintance: If, in spite of Paul's encouragement to a single life, a brother sees a sister whom he wishes to marry, he mentions the fact to a minister, who tells it to the sister. If she agrees in sentiment, the acquaintance continues for a year, during which private interviews can be had if desired; but this sect entirely discourages courting as usually practised among the "Dutch."

The year having in this case elapsed, and the pair having now met before the preacher, he propounded to them three questions:

1. I ask of this brother, as the bridegroom, do you believe that this sister in the faith is allotted to you by God as your helpmeet and spouse? And I ask of you,



as the bride, do you believe that this your brother is allotted to you by God as your husband and head?

2. Are you free in your affections from all others, and have you them centred alone upon this your brother or sister?

3. Do you receive this person as your lawfully wedded husband [wife], do you promise to be faithful to him [her], to reverence him [to love her], and that nothing but death shall separate you; that, by the help of God, you will, to the best of your ability, fulfil all the duties which God has enjoined on believing husbands and wives?

In answering this last question, I observed the bride to lift her eyes to the preacher's face, as if in fearless trust. Then the preacher, directing them to join hands, pronounced them man and wife, and invoked a blessing upon them. This was followed by a short prayer, after which the wedded pair separated, each again taking a place among the congregation. The occasion was solemn. On resuming his place in the desk, the preacher's eyes were seen to be suffused, and pocket-handkerchiefs were visible on either side (the sisters' white, those of the brethren of colored silk). The audience then knelt, while the preacher prayed, and I heard responses like those of the Methodists, but more subdued. The preacher made a few remarks, to the effect that, although it would be grievous to break the bond now uniting these two, it would be infinitely more grievous to break the tie which unites us to Christ; and then a quaint hymn was sung to a familiar tune. This "church" does not allow wedding-parties, but a few friends may gather at the house after meeting.

At Amish weddings the meeting is not in a church, like the one just spoken of, for their meetings are held in private houses. I hear that none go to this meeting but invited guests, except that the preachers are always present; and after the ceremony the wedded pair with the preachers retire into a private apartment, perhaps for exhortation upon their new duties.

A neighbor tells me that the Amish have great fun at weddings; that they have a table set all night, and that when the weather is pleasant they play in the barn. "Our Pete went once," she continued, "with a lot of the public-school scholars. They let them go in and look on. They twisted a towel for the bloom-sock, and they did hit each other." (Bloom-sock, *plump-sack*, a twisted kerchief,—a clumsy fellow.)

"The bloom-sock" (*oo* short), I hear, "is a handkerchief twisted long, from the two opposite corners. When it is twisted, you double it, and tie the ends with a knot. One in front hunts the handkerchief, and those on the bench are passing it behind them. If they get a chance, they'll hit him with it, and if he sees it he tears it away. Then he goes into the row, and the other goes out to hunt it."

It has also been said that at Amish wedding-parties they have what they call *Glücktrinke*, of wine, etc. Some wedding-parties are called *infares*. Thus, a neighbor spoke of "Siegfried's wedding, where they had such an infare." The original meaning I suppose to be home-coming.

It must not be inferred from these descriptions that we have no "fashionable" persons among us, of the old German stock. When they have become fashionable, however, they do not desire to be called "Dutch."







### QUILTINGS.

There lives in our neighborhood a pleasant, industrious "Aunt Sally," a yellow woman; and one day she had a quilting, for she had long wished to re-cover two quilts. The first who arrived at Aunt Sally's was our neighbor from over the "creek," or mill-stream, Polly M., in her black silk Mennist bonnet, formed like a sun-bonnet; and at ten came my dear friend Susanna E., who is tall and fat, and very pleasant; who has Huguenot blood in her veins, and—

"Whose heart has a look southward, and is open  
To the great noon of nature."

Aunt Sally had her quilt up in her landlord's east room, for her own house was too small. However, at about eleven she called us over to dinner; for people who have breakfasted at five or six have an appetite at eleven.

We found on the table beefsteaks, boiled pork, sweet potatoes, kohl-slaw,\* pickled tomatoes, cucumbers, and red beets (thus the "Dutch" accent lies), apple-butter and preserved peaches, pumpkin- and apple-pie, with sponge-cake and coffee.

After dinner came our next neighbors, "the maids," Susy and Katy Groff, who live in single blessedness and great neatness. They wore pretty, clear-starched Mennist caps, very plain. Katy is a sweet-looking woman; and, although she is more than sixty years old, her forehead is almost unwrinkled, and her fine fair hair is still brown. It was late when the farmer's wife came,—three o'clock; for she had been to Lancaster. She wore

hoops, and was of the "world's people." These women all spoke "Dutch;" for "the maids," whose ancestor came here probably one hundred and fifty years ago, do not yet speak English with fluency.

The first subject of conversation was the fall house-cleaning; and I heard mention of "die carpet hinaus an der fence," and "die fenshter und die porch;" and the exclamation, "My goodness, es war schlimm" (it was bad). I quilted faster than Katy Groff, who showed me her hands, and said, "You have not been corn-husking, as I have."

So we quilted and rolled, talked and laughed, got one quilt done, and put in another. The work was not fine; we laid it out by chalking around a small plate. Aunt Sally's desire was rather to get her quilting finished upon this great occasion, than for us to put in a quantity of needlework.

About five o'clock we were called to supper. I need not tell you all the particulars of this plentiful meal. But the stewed chicken was tender, and we had coffee again.

Polly M.'s husband now came over the creek in the boat, to take her home, and he warned her against the evening dampness. The rest of us quilted a while by candle and lamp, and got the second quilt done at about seven.

At this quilting I heard but little gossip, and less scandal. I displayed my new alpaca, and my dyed merino, and the Philadelphia bonnet which exposes the back of my head to the wintry blast. Polly, for her part, preferred her black silk sun-bonnet; and so we parted, with mutual invitations to visit.

\* Kohl-slaw (*i.e.*, kohl-salat or cabbage-salad) is shredded cabbage, dressed with vinegar, etc. A rich dressing is sometimes made of milk or cream, egg, vinegar, etc. It may be eaten either as warm slaw or cold slaw.



### "SINGINGS."

Mary — tells me that she once attended a "singing" among the Amish. About nightfall, on a Sunday evening in summer, a half-dozen "girls" and a few more "boys" met at the house of one of the members. They talked a while first on common subjects, and then sang hymns from the Amish hymn-book in the German tongue. They chanted in the slow manner common in their religious meetings; but Mary says that some are now learning to sing by note, and are improving their manner. They thus intoned until about ten o'clock, and then laid aside their hymn-books, and the old folks went to bed. Then the young people went out into the wash-house, or outside kitchen, so as not to wake the sleepers, and played, "Come, Philander, let's be marching," and

"The needle's eye we do supply  
With thread that runs so true;  
And many a lass have I let pass  
Because I wanted you."



Which game seems to be the same as

"Open the gates as high as the sky  
And let King George and his troops go by."

In these kissing plays, and in some little romping among the young men, the time was spent until about two or three in the morning, when they separated, two girls from a distance staying all night. Mary was able to sleep until daylight only, for no allowance is made for those who partake in these gay vigils to make up in the morning for loss of sleep.

There were no refreshments upon this occasion, but once at a singing at Christ. Yoder's, it is said that the party took nearly all the pies out of the cellar, and the empty plates were found in the wash-house next morning.

Dancing-parties are not unknown among us, but they are not popular among the plain people whom I especially describe.

### FARMING.

In this fertile limestone district farming is very laborious, being entirely by tillage. Our regular routine is once in five years to plough the sod ground for corn. In the next ensuing year the same ground is sowed with oats; and when the oats come off in August, the industrious "Dutchmen" immediately manure the stubble-land for wheat. I have seen them laying the dark-brown heaps upon the yellow stubble, when, in August, I have ridden some twelve or fourteen miles down to the hill-country for blackberries.

After the ground is carefully prepared, wheat and timothy (grass) seed are put in with a drill, and in the ensuing spring clover is sowed upon the same ground. By July, when the wheat is taken off the ground, the clover and timothy are growing, and will be ready to mow in the next or fourth summer. In the fifth the same grass constitutes a grazing-ground, and then the sod is ready to be broken up again for Indian corn. Potatoes are seldom planted here in great quantities; a part of one of the oat-fields or corn-fields can be put



into potatoes, and the ground will be ready by fall to be put into wheat, if it is desired. A successful farmer put more than half of his forty acres into wheat; this being considered the best crop. The average crop of wheat is about twenty bushels, of Indian corn about forty. I have heard of one hundred bushels of corn in the Pequea valley, but this is very rare.

When the wheat and oats are in the barn or stack, enormous eight-horse threshers, whose owners go about the neighborhood from farm to farm, thresh the crop in two or three days; and thus what was once a great job for winter may all be finished by the first of October.

Jacob E. is a model farmer. His buildings and fences are in good order, and his cattle well kept. He is a little past the prime of life; his beautiful head of black hair being touched with silver. His wife is dimpled and smiling, and her weight of nearly two hundred does not prevent her being active, energetic, forehanded, and "thorough-going." During the winter months the two sons go to the public school,—the older one with reluctance; there they learn to read and write and cipher, and possibly they study geography; they speak English at school, and "Dutch" at home. Much education the "Dutch" farmer fears, as productive of laziness; and laziness is a mortal sin here. The E.'s rarely buy a book. I suggested to one of our neighbors that he might advantageously have given a certain son a chance with books. "Don't want no books," was the answer. "There's enough goes to books! Get so lazy after a while they won't farm." The winter is employed partly in preparing material to fertilize the wheat-land during the coming summer. Great droves of cattle and sheep come down our road from the West, and our farmers buy from these, and fatten stock during the winter months for the Philadelphia market. A proper care of his stock will occupy some portion of the farmer's time. A farmer's son told me also of cutting wood and quarrying stone in the winter, adding, "If a person wouldn't work in the winter, they'd be behindhand in the spring."

Besides these, the farmer has generally a great "freundschaft," or family connection, both his and his wife's; and the paying visits within a range of twenty or thirty miles, and receiving visits in return, help to pass away the time. Then Jacob and Susanna are actively benevolent; they are liable to be called upon, summer and winter, to wait on the sick and to help bury the dead. Susanna was formerly renowned as a baker at funerals, where her services were freely given.

This rich level land of ours is highly prized by the "Dutch" for farming purposes, and the great demand has enhanced the price. The farms, too, are small, seventy acres being a fair size. When Seth R., the rich preacher, bought his last farm from an "Englishman," William G. said to him, "Well, Seth, it seems as

if you Dutch folks had determined to root us English out; but thee had to pay pretty dear for thy root this time."

There are some superstitious ideas that still hold sway here, regarding the growth of plants. A young girl coming to us for cabbage-plants said that it was a good time to set them out, for "it was in the Wirgin." It is very doubtful whether she knew *what* was in Virgo, but I suppose that it was the moon. So our farmer's wife tells me that the Virgin will do very well for cabbages, but not for any plant like beans, for, though they will flower well, they will not mature the fruit. Fence should be set in the upgoing of the moon; meat butchered in the downgoing will shrink in the pot.

#### FARMERS' WIVES.

One of my "Dutch" neighbors, who, from a shoemaker, became the owner of two farms, said to me, "The woman is more than half;" and his own very laborious wife (with her portion) had indeed been so.

The woman (in common speech, "the old woman") milks, raises the poultry, has charge of the garden,—sometimes digging the ground herself, and planting and hoeing, with the assistance of her daughters and the "maid," when she has one. (German, *magd.*) To be sure, she does not go extensively into vegetable-raising, nor has she a large quantity of strawberries and other small fruits; neither does she plant a great many peas and beans, that are laborious to "stick." She has a quantity of cabbages and of "red beets," of onions and of early potatoes, in her garden, a plenty of cucumbers for winter pickles, and store of string-beans and tomatoes, with some sweet potatoes.

Peter R. told me that in one year, off their small farm, they sold "two hundred dollars' worth of *wedgable* things, not counting the butter." As in that year the clothing for each member of the family probably cost no more than fifteen dollars, the two hundred dollars' worth of vegetable things was of great importance.

Our "Dutch" never make *store*-cheese. At a county fair, only one cheese was exhibited, and that was from Chester County. The farmer's wife boards all the farm-hands, and the mechanics—the carpenter, mason, etc.—who put up the new buildings, and the fence-makers. At times she allows the daughters to go out and husk corn. It was a pretty sight which I saw one fall day,—an Amish man with four sons and daughters, husking in the field. "We do it all ourselves," said he.

(Said a neighbor, "A man told me once that he was at an Amish husking—a husking-match in the kitchen. He said he never saw as much sport in all his life. There they had the bloom-sock. There was one old man, quite gray-headed, and gray-bearded; he laughed till he shook." Said another, "There's not many huskings



going on now. The most play now goes on at the infares.”)

In winter mornings perhaps the farmer's wife goes out to milk in the stable with a lantern, while her daughters get breakfast; has her house “redd up” about eight o'clock, and is prepared for several hours' sewing before dinner, laying by great piles of shirts for summer. We no longer make linen; but I have heard of one “Dutch” girl who had a good supply of domestic linen made into shirts and trousers for the future spouse whose fair proportions she had not yet seen.

There are, of course, many garments to make in a large family, but there is not much work put upon them. We do not yet patronize the sewing-machine very extensively, but a seamstress or tailoress is sometimes called in. At the spring cleaning the labors of the women folk are increased by whitewashing the picket-fences.

In March we make soap, before the labors of the garden are great. The forests are being obliterated from this fertile tract, and many use what some call *consecrated* lye; formerly, the ash-hopper was filled, and a good lot of egg-bearing lye run off to begin the soap with, while the weaker filled the soft-soap kettle, after the soap had “come.” The chemical operation of soap-making often proved difficult, and, of course, much was said about luck. “We had bad luck making soap.” A sassafras stick was preferred for stirring, and the soap was stirred always in one direction. In regard to this, and that other chemical operation, making and keeping vinegar, there are certain ideas about the temporary incapacity of some persons,—ideas only to be alluded to here. If the farmer's wife never “has luck” in making soap, she employs some skilful woman to come in and help her. It is not a long operation, for the “Dutch” rush this work speedily. If the lye is well run off, two tubs of hard soap and a barrel of soft can be made in a day. A smart housekeeper can make a barrel of soap in the morning, and go visiting in the afternoon.

Great are the household labors in harvest; but the cooking and baking in the hot weather are cheerfully done for the men, who are toiling in hot suns and stifling barns. Four meals are common at this season, for “a piece” is sent out at nine o'clock. I heard of one “Dutch” girl's making some fifty pies a week in harvest; for if you have four meals a day, and pie at each, many are required. We have great faith in pie.

I have been told of an inexperienced Quaker housewife in the neighboring county of York, who was left in charge of the farm, and during harvest these important labors were performed by John Stein, John Stump, and John Stinger. She also had guests, welcome perhaps as “rain in harvest.” To conciliate the Johns was very important, and she waited on them first. “What will thee have, John Stein?” “What shall I give thee, John Stump?” “And thee, John Stinger?” On one memorable occasion there was mutiny in the field, for John Stein declared that he never worked where there

were not “kickelin” cakes in harvest, nor would he now. *Küchlein* proved to be cakes fried in fat; and the housewife was ready to appease “Achilles' wrath,” as soon as she made this discovery.

We made in one season six barrels of cider into apple-butter, three at a time. Two large copper kettles were hung under the beech-trees, down between the spring-house and smoke-house, and the cider was boiled down the evening before, great stumps of trees being in demand. One hand watched the cider, and the rest of the family gathered in the kitchen and labored diligently in preparing the cut apples, so that in the morning the “schnits” might be ready to go in. (*Schneiden*, to cut, *geschnitten*.)

One bushel and a half of cut apples are said to be enough for a barrel of cider. In a few hours the apples will all be in, and then you will stir, and stir, and stir, for you do not want to have the apple-butter burn at the bottom, and be obliged to dip it out into tubs and scour the kettle. Some time in the afternoon, you will take out a little on a dish, and when you find that the cider no longer “weeps out” round the edges, but all forms a simple heap, you will dip it up into earthen vessels, and when cold take it “on” to the garret to keep company with the hard soap and the bags of dried apples and cherries, perhaps with the hams and shoulders. Soap and apple-butter are usually made in an open fireplace, where hangs the kettle. At one time (about the year 1828) I have heard that there was apple-butter in the Lancaster Museum which dated from Revolutionary times; for we do not expect it to ferment in the summer. It dries away; but water is stirred in to prepare it for the table. Sometimes peach-butter is made, with cider, molasses, or sugar, and, in the present scarcity of apples, cut pumpkin is often put into the apple-butter.

Soon after apple-butter-making comes butchering, for we like an early pig in the fall, when the store of smoked meat has run out. Pork is the staple, and we smoke the flitches, not preserving them in brine like the Yankees. We ourselves use much beef, and do not like smoked flitch, but I speak for the majority. Sausage is a great dish with us, as in Germany.

Butchering is one of the many occasions for the display of friendly feeling, when brother or father steps in to help hang the hogs, or a sister to assist in rendering lard, or in preparing a plentiful meal. An active farmer will have two or three porkers killed, scalded, and hung up by sunrise, and by night the whole operation of sausage and “pudding” making, and lard rendering, will be finished, and the house set in order. The friends who have assisted receive a portion of the sausage, etc., which portion is called the “metzel-sup” (or soup). The metzel-sup is very often sent to poor widows and others.

We make scrapple from the skin, a part of the livers, and heads, with the addition of corn-meal; but, instead,



our "Dutch" neighbors make *liverwurst* ("woorsht"), or meat pudding, omitting the meal, and this compound, stuffed into the larger entrails, is very popular in Lancaster market. Some make *pawn-haus* from the liquor in which the pudding-meat was boiled, adding thereto corn-meal. The name is properly *pann-haas*, and signifies, perhaps, panned-rabbit. It is sometimes made of richer material.

"Tell them they're good," says one of my "Dutch" acquaintances.

Knep is from the German, *knöpfe*, buttons or knobs. In common speech the word has fallen to nep. The "nep" are sometimes made from pie-crust, or sometimes from a batter of eggs and milk, and may be boiled without the meat; but one of my acquaintances says that the smoke gives a peculiar and appetizing flavor.



These three dishes, just before mentioned, are fried before eating. I have never seen hog's-head cheese in "Dutch" houses. If the boiling-pieces of beef are kept over summer, they are smoked, instead of being preserved in brine. Much smear-case (*schmier-käse*), or cottage cheese, is eaten in these regions. Children, and some grown people too, fancy it upon bread with molasses; which may be considered as an offset to the Yankee pork and molasses.

In some Pennsylvania families smear-case and apple-butter are eaten to save butter, which is a salable article. The true "Dutch" housewife's ambition is to supply the store-goods for the family as far as possible from the sale of the butter and eggs.

We have also Dutch cheese, which may be made by crumbling the dry smear-case, working in butter, salt, and chopped sage, forming it into pats, and setting them away to ripen. The *sieger-käse* is made from sweet milk boiled, with sour milk added and beaten eggs, and then set to drain off the whey. (*Ziegen-käse* is German for goat's milk cheese.)

"Schnits and knep" is said to be made of dried apples, fat pork, and dough-dumplings cooked together.

Apple-dumplings in "Dutch" are *aepel-dumplings*; whence I infer that like *pye-kroosht* they are not of German origin.

In the fall our "Dutch" make *sauer-kraut*. I happened to visit the house of my friend Susanna when her husband and son were going to take an hour at noon to help her with the kraut. Two white tubs stood upon the back porch, one with the fair round heads, and the other to receive the cabbage when cut by a knife set in a board (a very convenient thing for cutting kohl-slaw and cucumbers). When cut, the cabbage is packed into a "stand" with a sauer-kraut staff, resembling the pounder with which New Englanders beat clothes in a barrel. Salt is added during the packing. When the cabbage ferments it becomes acid. The kraut-stand remains in the cellar; the contents not being unpalatable when boiled with potatoes and the chins or ribs of pork. But the smell of the boiling kraut is very strong, and that stomach is probably strong which readily digests the meal.

Sometimes "nep" or dumplings are boiled with the salt meat and sour-kraut.



"As Dutch as sour-kROUT," has become a familiar saying here. In Lehigh County, if I mistake not, I heard the common dialect called "sour-kROUT Dutch."

Our "Dutch" make soup in variety, and pronounce the word short, between *soup* and *sup*. Thus there is Dutch soup, potato soup, etc.; scalded milk and bread is "bread and milk soup," bread crumbed into coffee "coffee up."

Noodel soup (*nudeln*) is a treat. Noodles may be called domestic macaroni. I have seen a dish in which bits of fried bread were laid upon the piled-up noodles, to me unpalatable from the quantity of eggs in the latter.

Dampf-noodles, or *gedämpfte nudeln*, are boiled, and melted butter is poured over them.

The extremely popular cakes, twisted, sprinkled with salt, and baked crisp and brown, called pretzels (*brezeln*), were known in Pennsylvania long before the cry for "ein lager, zwei brezeln" (a glass of lager and two pretzels), was heard in the land.

One of my "Dutch" neighbors, who visited Western New York, was detained several hours at Elmira. "They hadn't no water-crackers out there," he complained. "Didn't know what you meant when you said water-crackers; and they hain't got pretzels. You can't get no pretzels."

Perhaps not at the railroad stations.

We generally find excellent home-made wheat bread in this limestone region. We make the pot of "sots" (or rising) overnight, with boiled mashed potatoes, scalded flour, and sometimes hops. Friday is baking-day. The "Dutch" housewife is very fond of baking in the brick oven, but the scarcity of wood must gradually accustom us to the great cooking-stove.

One of the heavy labors of the fall is the fruit-drying. Afterward your hostess invites you to partake, thus: "Mary, will you have pie? This is snits, and this is elder" (or dried apples, and dried elderberries). Dried peaches are peach snits.

A laboring woman once, speaking to me of a neighbor, said, "She hain't got many dried apples. If her girl would snits in the evening, as I did!—but she'd rather keep company and run around than to snits."

The majority keep one fire in winter. This is in the kitchen, which with nice housekeepers is the abode of neatness, with its rag carpet and brightly polished stove. An adjoining room or building is the wash-house, where butchering, soap-making, etc., are done by the help of a great kettle hung in the fireplace, not set in brick-work.

Adjoining the kitchen, on another side, is a state apartment, also rag-carpeted, and called "the room." The stove-pipe from the kitchen sometimes passes through the ceiling, and tempers the sleeping-room of the parents. These arrangements are not very favorable to bathing in cold weather; indeed, to wash the

whole person is not very common, in summer or in winter.

Will you go up-stairs in a neat Dutch farm-house? Here are rag carpets again. Gay quilts are on the best beds, where green and red calico, perhaps in the form of a basket, are displayed on a white ground; or the beds bear brilliant coverlets of red, white, and blue, as if to "make the rash gazer wipe his eye." The common pillow-cases are sometimes of blue check, or of calico. In winter, people often sleep under feather-covers, not so heavy as a feather-bed. In the spring there is a great washing of bedclothes, and then the blankets are washed, which during winter supplied the place of sheets.



HOLIDAYS.

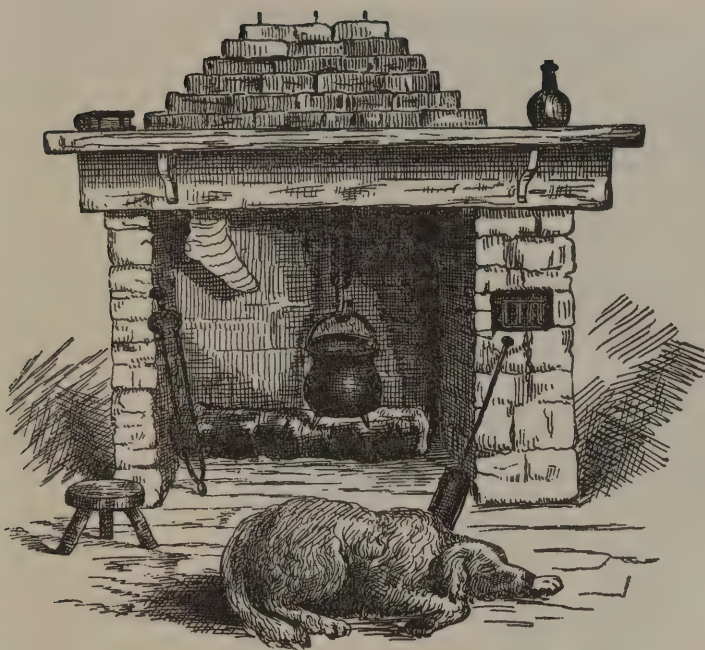
I was sitting alone, one Christmas time, when the door opened and there entered some half-dozen youths or men, who frightened me so that I slipped out at the door. They, being thus alone, and not intending any harm, at once left. These, I suppose, were Christmas mummers, though I heard them called "bell-schnickel."

At another time, as I was sitting with my little boy, Aunt Sally came in smiling and mysterious, and took her place by the stove. Immediately after, there entered a man in disguise, who very much alarmed my little Dan.

The stranger threw down nuts and cakes, and, when some one offered to pick them up, struck at him with a rod. This was the real bell-schnickel, personated by the farmer.

It will hardly be supposed that Bell-schnickel and Santa Claus are the same; but the former is Peltz-nickel or Nicholas dressed in fur. St. Nicholas' day, the 6th of December, is in Advent.





On Christmas morning the cry is, "Christmas-gift!" and not, as elsewhere, "A merry Christmas!" Christmas is a day when people do not work, but go to meeting, when roast turkey and mince-pie are in order, and when the "Dutch" housewife has store of cakes on hand to give to the little folks.

We still hear of barring-out at Christmas. The pupils fasten themselves in the school-house, and keep the teacher out to obtain presents from him.

The first of April (which our neighbors generally call Aprile) is a great occasion. This is the opening of the farming year. The tenant farmers and other "renters" move to their new homes, and interest-money and other debts are due; and so much money changes hands in Lancaster, on the first, that pickpockets are attracted thither, and the unsuspecting "Dutch" farmer sometimes finds himself a loser.

The movings, on or about the first, are made festive occasions; neighbors, young and old, are gathered; some bring wagons to transport farm utensils and furniture, others assist in driving cattle, put furniture in its place, and set up bedsteads; while the women are ready to help prepare the bountiful meal. At this feast I have heard a worthy tenant farmer say, "Now help yourselves, as you did out there" (with the goods).

Whitsuntide Monday is a great holiday with the young "Dutch" folks. It occurs when there is a lull in farm-work, between corn-planting and hay-making. Now the new summer bonnets are all in demand, and the taverns are found full of youths and girls, who sometimes walk the street hand-in-hand, eat cakes and drink beer, or visit the "flying horses." A number of seats are arranged around a central pole, and, a pair taking each seat, the whole revolves by the work of a horse, and you can have a circular ride for six cents.

On the Fourth of July we are generally at work in the harvest-field. Several of the festivals of the church are held here as days of rest, if not of recreation. Such are Good Friday, Ascension-day, etc. On Easter, eggs colored and otherwise ornamented were formerly much in vogue.

Thanksgiving is beginning to be observed here, but the New Englander would miss the family gatherings, the roast turkeys, the pumpkin-pies. Possibly we go to church in the morning, and sit quiet for the rest of the day; and as for pumpkin-pies, we do not greatly fancy them. Raisin-pie, or mince-pie, we can enjoy.

The last night of October is "Hallow-eve." I was in Lancaster one Hallow-eve, and boys were ringing door-bells, carrying away door-steps, throwing corn at the windows, or running off with an unguarded wagon. I heard of one or two youngsters who had requested an afternoon holiday to go to church, but who had spent their time in going out of town to steal corn for this occasion. In the country, farm-gates are taken from their hinges and removed; and it was formerly a favorite amusement to take a wagon to pieces, and, after carrying the parts up to the barn-roof, to put it together again, thus obliging the owner to take it apart and bring it down. Such "tricks" as are described by Burns in the poem of "Hallow-e'en" may be heard of occasionally, continued perhaps by the Scotch-Irish element in our population.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Over twenty years ago I was circulating an anti-slavery petition among women. I carried it to the house of a neighboring farmer, who was a miller also, and well to do. His wife signed the petition (*all* women did not in those days), but she signed it with her mark. I have understood that it is about twenty years since the school law was made universal here, and that our township of Upper Leacock wanted to resist by litigation the establishment of public schools. It is the school-tax that is onerous. Within about twenty years a great impetus has been given to education by the establishment of the county superintendency, of normal schools, and of teachers' institutes. I think it is within this time, however, that the board of directors met, in an adjoining township, and, being called upon to vote by ballot, there were afterward found in the box several different ways of spelling the word "no."

At the last institute, a worthy young man at the black-board was telling the teachers how to make their pupils pronounce the word "did," which they inclined to call *dit*; and a young woman told me that she found it necessary, when teaching in Berks County, to practise speaking "Dutch," in order to make the pupils understand their lessons. It must be rather hard to hear and





talk "Dutch" almost constantly, and then to go to a school where the text-books are English.

There is still an effort made to have German taught in our public schools. The reading of German is considered a great accomplishment, and is one required for a candidate for the ministry among some of our plainer sects. But the teacher is generally overburdened in the winter with the necessary branches in a crowded, ungraded school. Our township generally has school for seven months in the year; some townships have only five; and in Berks County I have heard of one having only four months. About thirty-five dollars a month is paid to teachers, male and female.

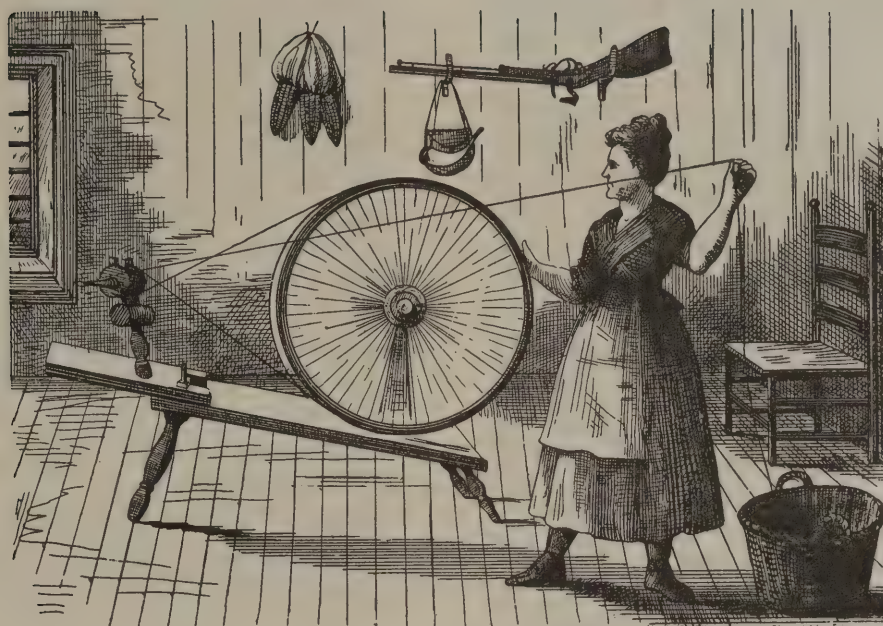
My little boy of seven began to go to public school this fall. For a while I could hear him repeating such

expressions as, "Che, double o, t, coot" (meaning good). "P-i-g, pick." "Kreat A, little A, pouncing P." "I don't like chincheread." Even among our "Dutch" people of more culture, *etch* is heard for *aitch* (h), and *chay* for jay (j), and these are relics of early training.

The standard of our county superintendent is high (1868), and his examinations are severe. His salary is about seventeen hundred dollars. Where there is so much wealth as here, it seems almost impossible that learning should not follow, as soon as the minds of the people are turned toward it; but the great fear of making their children "lazy" operates against sending them to school. Industrious habits will certainly tend more to the pecuniary success of a farmer than the "art of writing and speaking the English language *correctly*."









My dear old "English" friend, Samuel G., had often been asked to stay and eat with David B., and on one occasion he concluded to accept the invitation. They went to the table, and had a silent pause; then David cut up the meat, and each workman or member of the family put in a fork and helped himself. The guest was discomfited, and, finding that he was likely to lose his dinner otherwise, he followed their example. The invitation to eat had covered the whole. When guests are present, many say, "Now help yourselves;" but they do not use vain repetitions, as the city people do.

Coffee is still drunk three times a day in some families, but frequently without sugar. The sugar-bowl stands on the table, with spoons therein for those who want sugar; but at a late "home-coming" party I believe that I was the only one at the table who took sugar. The dishes of smear-case, molasses, apple-butter, etc., are not always supplied with spoons. We dip in our knives, and with the same useful implements convey the food to our mouths. Does the opposite extreme prevail among the farmers of Massachusetts? Do they always eat with their forks, and use napkins?

On many busy farm-occasions, the woman of the house will find it more convenient to let the men eat first,—to get the burden of the harvest-dinner off her mind and her hands, and then sit down with her daughters, her "maid" and little children, to their own repast. But the allowing to the men the constant privilege of eating first has passed away, if indeed it ever prevailed. At funeral feasts the old men and women sit down first, with the mourning family. Then succeed the second, third, and fourth tables.

Among the children of well-to-do parents, the unmarried daughter will sometimes go into the service of the married one, receiving wages regularly, or allowing them to accumulate. An acquaintance of mine in Lancaster had a hired girl living in his family who was worth twelve thousand dollars in cash means, her father having been a rich farmer. Among our plain farmers, such persons are considered more praiseworthy than the reverse.

I lately asked a lawyer in Northampton County why certain persons had allowed the Lutheran and Reformed farmers, men of very little school learning, to outstrip them in the pursuit of wealth. He answered that all the tendency of the education of these last was saving. "In old times," he continued, "when we had no ranges nor cooking-stoves, but a fire on the hearth, I used to hear my mother say to her daughters that they must not let the dish-water boil, or they would not be married for seven years." On the same principle, when a young "English" girl whom I knew told a young "Dutchman" that she was going to make bread, he said, "I'm coming

for a handful of your dough-trough scrapings;" the idea being that there should be no scrapings left.

Mr. S., of Lehigh County, says, "We make money in Pennsylvania by saving; in New York, they make money by paying out."

Mrs. R., of the same county, says, "We Pennsylvanians are brought up to work in the house and to family affairs, but the Eastern girls are brought up more in the factories, and they don't know anything about housework. Many have been married, and lived here in this town (Allentown), of whom I have heard speak, who have not lived happily, because they were not used to keep house in the way that their husbands had been accustomed to. They were very intelligent, but not accustomed to work, and their families would get poor, and stay poor." Mrs. R.'s daughter added, that "the New England men, the Eastern men, milk and do all the outside work."

The writer thinks, nevertheless, that New England women will not be willing to admit that they do not understand housework, and are not eminently "faculized."

We Lancaster "Dutch" are always striving to seize Time's forelock. We rise, even in the winter, about four, feed the stock while the women get breakfast, eat breakfast in the short days by coal-oil lamps, and by daylight are ready for the operations of the day. The English folks and the backsliding "Dutch" are sometimes startled when they hear their neighbors blow the horn or ring the bell for dinner. On a recent pleasant October day the farmer's wife was churning out-of-doors, and cried, "Why, there's the dinner-bells a'ready. Mercy days!" I went in to the clock, and found it at twenty minutes of eleven. The "Dutch" farmers almost invariably keep their time half an hour or more ahead, like that village in Cornwall where it was twelve o'clock when it was but half-past eleven to the rest of the world. Our "Dutch" are never seen running to catch a railroad train.

We are not a total-abstinence people. Before these times of high prices, liquor was often furnished to hands in the harvest-field.

A few years ago a meeting was held in a neighboring school-house to discuss a prohibitory liquor law. After various speeches the question was put to the vote, thus: "All those who want leave to drink whiskey will please to rise." "Now all those who don't want to drink whiskey will rise." The affirmative had a decided majority.

Work is a cardinal virtue with the "Dutchman." "He is lazy," is a very opprobrious remark. At the quilting, when I was trying to take out one of the screws, Katy Groff, who is sixty-five, exclaimed, "How lazy I am, not to be helping you!" (*"Wie ich bin faul."*)

Marriages sometimes take place between the two nationalities; but I do not think the "Dutch" farmers



desire English wives for their sons, unless the wives are decidedly rich. On the other hand, I heard of an English farmer's counselling his son to seek a "Dutch" wife. When the son had wooed and won his substantial bride, "Now he will see what good cooking is," said a "Dutch" girl to me. I was surprised at the remark, for his mother was an excellent housekeeper.

The circus is the favorite amusement of our people. Lancaster papers have often complained of the slender attendance which is bestowed upon lectures and the like; even theatrical performances are found "slow," compared with the feats of the ring.

Our "Dutch" use a freedom of language that is not known to the English, and which to them savors of coarseness. "But they mean no harm by it," says one of my English friends. It is difficult to practise reserve where the whole family sit in one heated room. This rich limestone land in which the "Dutch" delight is nearly level to an eye trained among the hills. Do hills make a people more poetical or imaginative?

Perhaps so; but there is vulgarity too among the hills.

The passage of over twelve years has considerably changed the neighborhood in which I live. The greatest differences are the rise in the value of land; the division into smaller farms; the general introduction of the culture of tobacco; and the change in the population by the coming in of a larger number of that plainest sect of Mennonites, called Amish.

As regards the rise in the value of land, it is doubtless in part apparent only, from the greater amount of money at this time. I have spoken of one who said, "Well, Seth, it seems as if you Dutch folks had determined to root us English out; but thee had to pay pretty dear for thy root this time." The farm alluded to was sold about 1855, and brought less than one hundred and sixty-three dollars per acre,—there being one hundred and ten acres. It has since been divided, and eighty acres, now a very large farm here, with the newer farm buildings, it is supposed would now bring over two hundred and fifty dollars. Small properties sell much higher in proportion. I hear of twenty acres, with fair farm buildings, having sold last fall for nine thousand dollars.

The division into smaller farms is caused in a great measure by the Amish increasing and dividing properties among their children, so that farms are running as low, in many cases, as from twenty-five down to ten acres. It is rare for the Amish to remain unmarried. The owners of such small properties cannot afford to hire help; the Amish help one another, and are willing to help others also. Many acts of neighborly kindness are exchanged here, even to giving a sick neighbor several days' work in the harvest-field.

Tobacco was cultivated to profit long ago on farms and islands lying on the Susquehanna; but one of the consequences of the civil war was to make the cultivation of the weed more general here, and the immense sums obtained for fine crops have also kept up the value of this land.

The routine of farming described in the foregoing article is now abandoned. The following are the crops raised lately on a farm visible from where I write,—a farm that has been for years under excellent cultivation. It contains sixty-eight acres, of which (in round numbers) twenty-six are in wheat, eighteen in Indian corn, eleven in grass, six in tobacco, three-quarters of an acre in potatoes, and the remainder is occupied by garden, orchard, and buildings. Oats has not been grown on this farm for six years. The ground is so rich that oats lodge or fall, and will not mature the grain. For the last four years wheat has averaged thirty bushels to the acre. During the same time Indian corn has averaged about fifty-five bushels. To speak slang, it is not one of our brag crops. One year the cut-worms took two-thirds of it on the farm mentioned; and this had to be replanted. The greatest crop of corn of which I hear mention on this farm was grown some years ago, and was nine hundred bushels on ten acres.

As regards grass, the owner estimates that for the last four years they have made on an average nearly three tons of hay to the acre; last year they had thirty-six tons on ten acres.

Of the six acres in tobacco this year, they prepare the whole for planting, but only plant two themselves, giving out four to others. The men who take this land plant and cultivate it, and receive one-half of the produce, not being charged for the preparation of the ground, nor for taking the crop to market. One of the advantages of the cultivation of tobacco (I am sensible of its disadvantages, and do not recommend its use) is that it gives the poor laboring man and woman more independence. He or she takes an acre or more, plants, waters, destroys the large tobacco-worm, strips off the suckers, tops it, breaks down the flowering stem, gathers, dries, sorts, and packs, and receives perhaps one hundred dollars per acre in lump, which is very acceptable. They estimate that they make about double wages.

The eight-horse threshers before mentioned are getting out of date; steam threshes now almost entirely, and completes the work on such a farm as just described in two days. The threshing is frequently finished as early as the first of September, so that the farmer can hang tobacco in the barn. Large tobacco-houses have also been erected, in the cellar of which this crop is prepared for sale.

The great amount of manure required to keep the land up to such a standard is thus supplied on this farm,



which is a model one in the neighborhood. For several months last winter the owner had sixteen horses, five of his own and the rest boarding; he also had twelve head of horned cattle, and fattened nine swine. All the corn, hay, and fodder raised on the farm were fed upon it. (Straw is rarely fed here.) Besides, the farmer bought five tons of Western mill-feed (the bran and other refuse from wheat flour) and about three hundred bushels of corn. This spring he has bought two tons of a certain fertilizer for his corn, and applied his own barn-yard manure to the tobacco and wheat. He has been indemnified in part for the great amount fed, by the money received for boarding horses at twelve dollars apiece by the month. Horses from Canada and the West are often fattened here for the Eastern market. This farmer bought two last year, worked them himself on the farm, fattened and groomed them, and sold them so as to make one hundred dollars apiece on them; but this was exceptional.

Besides the fertilizers before mentioned, lime is used in this region, although some have doubted the necessity of applying it to our rich limestone land. On the farm which I have been describing it is put on about every sixth year, at the rate of six hundred bushels on eleven acres. It costs ten cents a bushel.

Another change here is that many now buy bread, and several bakers regularly supply the neighborhood. This has caused a great lightening of the labor at funerals. The bread and rusks (or buns) are bought and the pies dispensed with, which were once considered so necessary. A jocose youth in a near village used to say, "There will be raisin-pie there," when he wished to express that there was fatal illness; but raisin-pies are no

longer so fashionable at funerals. There is no diminution, however, in the great gatherings. A wealthy farmer died lately who was also a Mennonite preacher. The funeral was on Sunday; the guests heard preaching at the house, then dined, and the funeral went to the church, where was preaching again. Four hundred carriages, it is said, were on the ground.

Our school-term in this district is not increased beyond seven months; but the salary has risen, and is from thirty-five to forty dollars per month, according to merit.

The Amish in this immediate neighborhood still cling to the plain customs I have described, except that it has become quite common for young people to drive in simple buggies. Now the yellow-covered wagons are not so universal; other colors are also used, and more elegant harness. (They generally keep very good harness.) Neither do the young men wear their hair to their shoulders. Many of the Amish now wear suspenders. One of my friends, who is Amish, says that you cannot speak of any such rule as regards the church in general, for every congregation has its own rules in these minor affairs.

The family graveyard, especially mentioned, has been removed, and all the bodies that were recovered interred at the Mennonite church in the neighborhood.

Two or three small changes in this neighborhood are the following: Sewing-machines are now found here in great numbers; many houses have large stoves, which heat at least one room up-stairs; and it is not common in this immediate neighborhood to sit up with the dead, in the manner before described.













THE "Pennsylvania Dutch," which is spoken over a large portion of our own State, and is also heard in Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, is not divided into dialects as are the languages of many European countries, but seems to be nearly homogeneous. The following specimen was taken from the lips of a working-woman born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, of German descent, but who learned most of her "Dutch" in the State of Maryland. She now lives in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. An English article was read to her; and with some little difficulty she turned it into the version given. This version was submitted to a learned gentleman born in the eastern part of this State, but now living in Lancaster, and he declared it to be a good specimen of Pennsylvania German. I have abbreviated it, and give the English first, so that the difficulty may be observed which the translator found in the version.

"At Millville, New Jersey, about noon, while everybody in town was going to dinner, a deer came dashing down through the main street, and right behind it followed a dozen dogs, barking the loudest they knew how. Every dog on the line of the chase joined in, so that when the edge of the town was reached there were nearly fifty dogs after the deer. One solitary horseman caught on to the procession before it left town, and he was soon followed by a score of others, and inside of half an hour there were only women and factory hands left in the town. The deer got into the woods and escaped. A hound, which a merchant sent to Philadelphia for on Thursday, brought the deer to bay, and the merchant's son fired the fatal shot."

"An Millville, New Jersey, about Mitdog, wie all die Leit in der Stadt zu Mittag gange sin; en Hayrsch is darrich die main Schtross schprunge, und recht hinne noch ein dutzet Hund noch schprunge, und hen so laut gejolt als sie hen könne. All die Hund in der Schtadt sind oof die Geschpoor und sin noch; so wie sie an die End von der Schtadt sin der ware about fufzig Hund am Hayrsch noch. Ein ehnzige Reiter ist noch eh sie aus der Schtadt kumme sind und es ware gly zwanzig meh, und in weniger als en Halb-stund da war Niemand meh in der Schtadt als Wipesleit und die factory Hendt. Der Hayrsch ist in der Busch kumme und sie hen ihn verlore. En Houns voo ein Merchant in Philadelphia geschickt hat dafore, hat den Hayrsch schtill schteh mache; und der Merchant sei Sohn hat ihn dote schosse.

But although the Pennsylvania German is not divided into the great number of dialects or varieties found in Europe (I hear that there are about fifty in little Switzerland), yet there are differences here in the spoken dialect. While visiting at the house of a gentleman born in Lehigh County, but living in Lebanon, the following were pointed out to me. In Lehigh a lantern is a *lutzer*; in Lebanon, *lattern*. In the former the word for orchard is *boon-gart*; in the latter, *bomegarte*. Meadow is *Schwamm* in the former, and *Viss* in the latter. The adverb *orrick* (*arg*) is very much used in Pennsylvania German; but a clergyman coming to live in Lebanon County was reproved by some of his plain friends for its use. Perhaps it is nearly synonymous with our *darned*,—"That's darned cheap." *Der Arge* in the Bible is the evil one.

Mr. Weiser, of the Reformed Church, finds differences in adjoining counties. Thus, in Berks a set of bars in a fence is *en Falder*; in Montgomery, *E'fahrt* (or a place to drive through). In Lehigh they say of a drunken man, "*Er hat e Kisch* ah" (he carries a chest); but this is not heard in the near parts of Montgomery. Tomatoes are sometimes, I think, called *Goomeranze* in Allentown, and in Bucks County *Boomeranze* (from *Pomeranze*, an orange); but this is not heard in Lancaster County.

A learned German in Philadelphia says that several different dialects have flowed like streams into Pennsylvania,—one the Palatinate, another the Suabian, a third Allemanian, a fourth Swiss; and Prof. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College,

Lancaster, but born in Allentown, finds in the region with which he is familiar, east of the Susquehanna, three plainly marked sub-dialects. The one east of the Schuylkill is marked by the diminutive *chen* in the place of *lein*. In that district a little pig is called *Säuche*, and west of the Schuylkill *Säulie* (for *Säulein*). A third sub-dialect, he says, is peculiar to some of the sects of Lancaster County. It is probably of Swiss origin, and is marked by a broad drawl. (The late Prof. Haldeman remarked that in our dialect the perfect is used for the imperfect tense, as in Swiss; so that for "ich sagte" (I said) we have "ich hab ksaat" (gesagt), and for "ich hatte" (I had) we have "ich hab kat" (gehabt)).

(The following excellent remarks on the Pennsylvania dialect are taken from an article in the *Mercersburg Review* by Prof. Stahr, now also of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster. I have made some trifling alterations, mostly in parenthesis.)

"It is of course impossible in our present limits to specify all the peculiarities of Pennsylvania German, so as to give an adequate idea of its form to those who are not familiar with it. We may, however, state a few general principles, which will enable any one conversant with High German to read and understand the dialect without difficulty. In the first place it must be borne in mind that the letters have the *South German* sound: *a* has the broad sound like the English *aw*; *st* and *sp* whenever they occur sound broad, like *scht* and *schp*, etc. Secondly, letters are commuted or changed. Instead of the proper sound of the modified vowel or *Umlaut* *ö*, we find the sound of the German *ē* or the English *ā*, and instead of *ü* we find *ie* or *i*, equivalent to the English *i* in *machine*, or the same shortened as in *pin*. Instead of the proper sound of *eu*, we have the German *ei* or the English *i*. Instead of *au*, particularly when it undergoes modification in inflections, we have broad *a* or *aa* in the unmodified, and *ä* or *ää* in the modified form. Thus we have *Baam* for *Baum*, and *Bääm'* for *Bäume*; *laafe'* for *laufen*, and *laaft* or *lääft* for *läuft*. The diphthong *ei* is often changed into long *e* or *ee*. Thus for *Stein* we have *Stee'* (pronounced *Shtay*), for *Bein*, *Bee'*, for *Eid* we have *Eed*, for *Leid*, *Leed*. *A* is often changed into *o*, as *Johr* for *Jahr*, *Hoor* for *Haar*; *i* is changed into *e*, as *werd* for *wird* (*Es wird Schlimm* is spoken *Schvate schlimm*), *Hert* for *Hirt*, etc. Consonants are also frequently changed; *b* into *w* (*Bievel* is heard for *Bibel*), *p* into *b*, *t* into *d*, etc. Thirdly, words are shortened by dropping the terminations, especially *n* of the infinitive or generally after *e*. Prefixes are frequently contracted, so also compound words. Thus instead of *werden*, *folgen*, *fangen*, we have *werre'*, *folge'*, *fange'*; *einmal* becomes *emol*; *nicht mehr*, *nimme*, etc. Fourthly, the Pennsylvania dialect uses High German words in a different sense. Thus for *Pferd*, horse, we have *Gaul*, which in High German means a heavy farm-horse or an old horse; *gleiche*, from the High German *gleichen*, to resemble, means in the Pennsylvania dialect, to like; *gucke'*, from High German *gucken*, to peep, to pry, means to look. Finally, we find English words introduced in their full form, either with or without German prefixes and modifications; e.g., *Store* (*Schtore*), *Rüles*, *Gäpers*, *Circumstances*, *trävele*, *stärte*, *fixe*, *fighte*.

"Nouns have scarcely any changes of form, except to distinguish singular and plural. These, where they exist, are the same as in High German. One of the most striking peculiarities is this: the genitive case is never used to indicate possession, the dative is used in connection with a possessive pronoun. Thus instead of *Der Hut des Mannes* (the hat of the man) we find *Dem Mann sei' Hut* (to the man his hat). . . . The definite article is used for *dieser*, *diese*, *dieses* (this), and *seller*, *selle*, *sell*, for *jener*, *jene*, *jenes* (that). The adverb *wo* is used instead of the relatives *welcher*, *welche*, *welches*.



"In inflecting pronouns, *mir* is used instead of *wir* (us). The verb has no imperfect tense; the perfect is always used for it in Pennsylvania German. (And it will be observed, I think, that those accustomed to speaking the dialect will use the perfect thus in English.)

"From *wollen* we have: *Ich will, du witt, er will, mir wolle', ihr wolle', sie wolle'*; and from *haben*: *Ich hab, du hoscht, er hot, mir hen* (from *han, haben*), *ihr hen, sie hen.*"

The number of writers in the dialect is becoming numerous. There are Mr. Zimmermann and Dr. Bruner, of Berks County, Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, originally of Lehigh, and Rev. Eli Keller and Mr. Henninger of the same; also Miss Bahn and Mr. H. L. Fisher, of York County. The most popular writer is the late Henry Harbaugh, of the Reformed Church, whose poems are collected under the title *Harbaugh's Harfe*. Among them the favorite is *Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick*. (The old school-house on the creek.) In publishing this volume, the English words introduced after the manner of our Pennsylvania Germans have been generally replaced by German, so that it is not a perfect specimen of the spoken language. Here follow a few lines from Harbaugh's *Heimweh*, or Homesickness:

"Wie gleich ich selle Babble-Beem!  
Sie schtehn wie Brieder dar;  
Un uf'm Gippel—g'wiss ich leb!  
Hock't alleweil 'n Schtaar!  
'S Gippel biegt sich—guk, wie's gaunscht,  
'R hebt sich awer fescht;  
Ich seh sei rothe Fliegle plehn  
Wann er sei Feddere wescht;  
Will wette, dass sei Fraale hot  
Uf sellem Baam 'n Nescht."

How well I love those poplar-trees,  
That stand like brothers there!  
And on the top, as sure's I live,  
A blackbird perches now.  
The top is bending, how it swings!  
But still the bird holds fast.  
How plain I saw his scarlet wings  
When he his feathers dressed!  
I'll bet you on that very tree  
His deary has a nest.

The most witty prose articles that I have met are some in Wollenweber's *Gemälde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volkleben*. (Pictures of Pennsylvania Life.)

Mr. E. H. Rauch (Pit Schwefflebreuner) accommodates himself to the great number of our "Dutch" people who do not read German by writing the dialect phonetically, in this manner: "*Der klea meant mer awer, sei net recht g'sund for er kreisht ols so greisel-heftict orrick (arg) in der nacht. De olt Lawbucksy behawpt es is was mer aw gewocksa heast, un meant mer set braucha derfore. Se sawya es waer an olty fraw drivva im Lodwaerrick-shteddle de kennt's aw wocksa ferdreiv mit warta, un aw so a g'schmeer hut was se mocht mit gensfet.*" (The little one seems to me not to be quite well, for he cries so dreadfully in the night. Old Mrs. Lawbucks maintains that he is what we call grown (enlargement of the liver), and thinks that I should powwow for it. She says that there was an old woman in Applebutter town who knew how to drive away the growth with words, and who has too an ointment that she makes with goose-fat.)

I have already stated that our Pennsylvania dialect has been thought to be formed from different European sources; but Mr. H. L. Fisher, of York, has lately shown me a collection of Nadler's poems in the Palatinate dialect, which, he says, more nearly resemble our idiom than anything else which he has seen. Also at Allentown, Mr. Dubbs, of the Reformed Church, has mentioned

a collection which he thinks resembles much our Pennsylvania German. It is the poems of Ludwig Schandain, in the Westrich dialect. These are both dialects of the Rhenish Palatinate, the former of the district on the Rhine, the latter of the western or more mountainous part. And as the Germans coming into Pennsylvania were at one time called Palatines, it is not remarkable that these Palatinate dialects resemble ours. Here is a specimen of the eastern or lowland dialect:

"Yetz erscht waasz i's, yetz erscht glaaw i's,  
Was mar in de Lieder singt;  
Yetz erscht glaaw i's, dann jetz waasz i's,  
Dasz die Lieb aam Schmerze bringt.

"Nachdigalle dhune schlage,  
Dasz 's dorch Berg un Dhäler klingt;  
Unser Bawrebuwe awwer  
Dasz nam's Herz im Leib verschpringt!"

At last I know, at last believe it,  
That what our poets sing is so;  
At last I think, yes, now I know it,  
That love brings also pain and woe.

The nightingales so sweetly warble,  
Their notes through hill and dale do ring;  
But oh! the heart in the breast is riven  
Whene'er our peasant boys do sing!

Here is a specimen from Schandain's poems in the Westrich dialect:

"So lewe wul, ehr liewe Alte,  
Do i's mei' Hann, Glick uf die Rés!  
De' liewe Herrgott losze walte,  
Dann Er es wul am beschte wész;  
Un machen euch ké' Gram und Sorje  
Ya denken an ihn alle Dah:  
Er sorgt jo heut, er sorgt ah morje,  
Er sorgt ah in Amerika."

Dr. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College, has kindly given me this verse from his own translation:

"Farewell! and here's my hand, old neighbors!  
May blessings on your journey rest!  
Leave God to order all the future,  
For He alone knows what is best.  
And do not yield to grief or sorrow,  
Trust in His mercy day by day;  
He reigns to-day, he reigns to-morrow,  
He reigns too in America."

Various estimates have been given me of the numbers speaking the dialect in different parts of our State. Thus a lawyer in York County, beyond the Susquehanna, says that there are still witnesses coming to court, natives of the county, who do not speak English, and whose testimony is translated by an interpreter. Crossing the Susquehanna easterly, we come to my own county, Lancaster. My own neighborhood, near the Pennsylvania Central Railway, is much Anglicized. The southern part of the county is greatly "English," but as I was riding lately in the north, on the railway which connects Reading in Berks, to Columbia in Lancaster, a conductor estimated that along the forty-six miles of the railway about nine out of ten of the travellers can speak German. In Reading I am told in a lawyer's office that three-fourths of the women who come in to do business speak "Pennsylvania Dutch." My tavern-keeper says that many come to his house, born in the county, who cannot speak English. Another lawyer estimates that of the country people born in Berks County, three-fourths would rather speak Pennsylvania German than English; and another thinks that in the rural districts of the county from one-half to two-thirds prefer to speak the dialect, although perhaps half of these can talk English. Another person



says that when there is a circus or county fair at Reading, which draws the farmers' families, you hardly hear English, for the storekeepers accommodate themselves to the visitors. One of my friends, born in Germany, says that she saw at a forge in Berks County colored people, men, women, and children, that could not speak English; they spoke Pennsylvania German. If, now, we pass northerly to Lehigh County, we come to "Pennsylvania Dutch" land *par excellence*, for in no other county of our State are the people so nearly of unmixed German origin. I am told of Allentown, the county seat, with a population of about nineteen thousand, that Pennsylvania German, "Dutch," is the prevailing language. A lawyer estimates that more than one-fourth of its inhabitants do not speak English if they can help it, and a considerable number in town, born in this region, do not speak English at all. Of the county, a physician says that three-fourths of the people speak Pennsylvania German more easily than English, and another that nearly all the country people would rather speak the dialect.

East of Lehigh lies another very German county, Northampton. The county town Easton is, however, connected with New Jersey by a bridge over the Delaware, and Easton is to a very considerable degree Anglicized. Easton is the seat of a great Presbyterian institution, Lafayette College; yet a professor tells me that the Presbyterian Church cannot overcome the Lutheran and Reformed element. The Lutheran Church, he says, is very strong. Of the same county I was told some years ago that the people generally spoke German, except along the New Jersey line, and that outside of Easton and Bethlehem three-fourths of the people are Reformed and Lutheran. At the same period, about nine years ago, a physician told me that the public-school teachers in the rural parts must necessarily speak German for the children to obtain ideas, or must interpret English to them. These counties, with Lebanon, six in number, are the great German ones, beginning with York on the southwest, and ending with Northampton on the northeast; but the Pennsylvania German population is by no means confined to these counties. It spreads along the cultivated soil like grass. Adjoining Berks and Lehigh is Montgomery, the northern part of which is very "Dutch." Here I visited a preacher of one of our plain sects, whose great-grandfather came from Germany. But he, himself, speaks very little or no English, and he employed the ticket-agent to answer an English letter. One son and his children live under the same roof, making six generations in Pennsylvania; but the whole household uses the German dialect.

It must not be supposed of a large part of the Pennsylvania Germans that they are unacquainted with pure German. A simple and pure German they find in the Bible and in their German newspapers, of which there are several, altogether enjoying a large circulation. Also, at least in the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, there are many ministers who preach in pure German. Yet, when the minister goes to dine with a parishioner, they generally speak the dialect. The minister who speaks this to his flock is more popular. They could understand the higher German; but they say of him when he speaks the dialect, "*Er iss en gemeiner Mann*" (He is a common, plain man, or one who doesn't put on airs.)

A gentleman in Lebanon, born in Berks, told me that he should be pleased to speak German as it is in the Bible. "But," he added, "as soon as a person begins to use pure German here among his acquaintances the Pennsylvania Dutch will say, '*Des iss ene Fratz-Hans*,' or a high-flown fellow; or, as it may be rendered, 'He's full of conceit.'"

One of the most amusing things in the dialect is the adopting and transforming of English words, as "*Ich habe en Prediger entgetscht*,"—I have engaged a preacher; "*Do hat der Eivisch gemeint er wott triede*,"—the Irishman thought he would treat; "*Sie henn en guter Tietscher katt, der hot die Kinner vieler Leut getietscht*,"—they had a good teacher, who taught the children of many people; "*Ich will dir's exsplehne*,"—I will

explain it to you; "*Er hat mich inweitet*,"—he invited me; "*Do hen sie anfangen ufzukotte und zu lache*,"—then they began to cut up and laugh. A workman who was tired of waiting for material said, "*Sie hen us nau lang genug 'rum gebaffelt*,"—they have baffled or disappointed us long enough.

On the amount of English that is sometimes introduced into the dialect, a lawyer in Lebanon says that of the Pennsylvania Dutch which he uses in his political speeches, or in his practice, fully one-third is English. This specimen was given to me by a lawyer in Allentown, as the opening of a political speech: "*Ich bin desirous um euch zu explaine die prerogative powers fum President*." And this a lawyer to his client: "*Ich bin certain das die Opinion was ich den morge geexpress hab, correct war*."

Before leaving the subject of the idiom, I give some of the peculiar expressions heard in speaking English. A neighbor told me of her daughter's being invited to a picnic, and added, "I don't know what I'll wear on her."

Said a tavern-keeper's wife, "Don't jine sweeping." "It's time to jine sweeping," was the reply.

A girl got into a car near Mauch Chunk, and had headache.

"Don't sit with your back to the engine," I suggested.

"Do you sink?" she asked me. (Do you think so?)

"I guess it will give a gust," is said in Lancaster County.

"Do you want butter-bread?" (or bread and butter.) "No, I'd rather have coffee-soup,"—i.e., bread broken into coffee.

"Mary, come down to the woods." "I dassent." She does not mean that she is afraid, but that she is not permitted, like the German *durfen*.

"I'm perfectly used to travel every *wich* way."

"A body gets *dired* if they *drael*."

"Mind Ressler? He was in Sprecher's still;" or, "Do you remember Ressler? He used to be employed in Sprecher's store."

"It's raining a'ready, mother;" or, "Where's Mrs. M.?" "She went to bed a'ready."

"I guess that Mrs. B. does not spend all her income."

"She didn't still."

"She'd rather be married to him *as* to keep house for him" (like the German *als*).

We think those very "Dutch" who say "Sess" for Seth, "bass-house" for bath-house. Thus it would be, Beslem is in Norsampton County.

"I'm fetching a pig. I had it bestowed."

"We're getting strangers, and I was fetched." (They are expecting company at our house, and they sent for me to come home.)

"Mrs. M., how does your garden grow?" "Just so middlin'."

"Your head is strubly," means that your hair is tumbled.

A scientific friend, wishing to examine a specimen, said, "Let me see it once."

Of the same kind are these: "When we get moved once," "You'll know what it is when you hain't got no father no more once." (This use of *once* has been alluded to in the text.)

"Mother, don't be so cross!" "I ought to be cross" (angry).

I do not know that it is "Dutch" to say, "Did you kiss your poppy?" or, "Barbara, where's your *pap*?" (for father).

"How are you, Chrissy?" (diminutive of Christian.) "Oh! I've got it so in the back."

Those who live among Pennsylvania Germans cannot fail to observe that when they, speaking English, make mention of a couple, as, "She gave me a couple of peaches," they do not generally mean two only. Couple has doubtless to them the same meaning as the German word *Paar*, which is defined by Whitney "a couple, two or three, a few, sundry."

I cannot tell the deviation of our interjection of pain, *Owtch!*

*Ok!* is doubtless the German *Ach!* or is it Irish?

And what is the derivation of "*Sahdie?*" so much used by children for "Thank you."



## PROPER NAMES.

Changes equally remarkable are found in proper names. The family of my own neighbor Johns was originally Tschantz, as is more easily perceived by the pronunciation; Johns ending with the s sound and not the z. The important family in Lancaster County named Carpenter were Zimmerman when they came in, the name being translated. But of a family in Berks County, some are Hunter and some Yäger. Some persons named Bender, who have removed to California, are there called Painter.

It is surprising in Pennsylvania to hear of persons with Irish or Scottish names who can scarcely speak English. A gentleman in Harrisburg told me of one he knew in Dauphin County named Hamilton (whose father was born in Dublin), and of two others named Dougherty. I have met in Berks County a person with a purely Scottish name who spoke of Norsampton County, and of Souss Reading (not pronouncing the *th*). But his mother was of a German family, and "Pennsylvania Dutch" his mother-tongue.

A lawyer in York, with an English name, tells me that his ancestors came from New England, and settled first in the Wyoming Valley, but some moved southward, and by intermarriage, to use, I think, his own expression, became quite Dutchified. He himself can speak the dialect.

Several families with French names are now not to be distinguished from the Pennsylvania Germans among whom they live and intermarry. It is said that the Bushongs were once Beauchamp; then probably the Deshongs were Du Champ. The Shoppells were Chapelle; the Levans perhaps Levin. Delaplaine is pronounced *Dillyplen*. There are still Bertolettes, De Benneville, De Turks, De Plańks, Philippes, Philippis, and Philippps. Coque-lin has become Cockley and Gockley. These families were perhaps French Huguenots who sought refuge in Germany, where so many went on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. From the Palatinate came very many of our Pennsylvania Germans, and that state is directly east of France.

But it is also probable that many French names were translated when their owners removed to Germany. One of my acquaintances in Philadelphia is a German, born in the Palatinate. She tells me that her grandfather left France during the revolution.

Changes in the names of persons of the same family in Pennsylvania will be observed. I know a gentleman in Lebanon County with an English name, who tells me that his mother's name was Besore; supposed to have been La Bessieur. The name has also been spelled Basore, Bashor, and Bayshore. The name Beinbrecht is said to have gone through these changes; in Philadelphia there is a Bonbright, in Chambersburg a Bonbrake, and there are Bonebreaks. In Lancaster County, I hear of a father who writes his name Bear; but one son is Barr, and another Bair. There is a large Reformed family in Pennsylvania named Wotring, now turned into the English Woodring, which was originally the French Voiturin. Probably within the Reformed German Church are more French Calvinistic families than in the Lutheran.

Of the Buchanans and Livingstones in our country we might assume the Scottish origin; but *Der Deutsche Pionier* tells us that the German name Buchenhain [meaning Beech grove] has been changed to Buchanan, and Löwenstein to Livingstone. A more grievous change is said to have befallen the name Hochmayer or Hochmier [high steward], for in Virginia it has become Hogmire!

## POLITICS.

One of the most remarkable distinctions between our Pennsylvania Germans is that which ranges the counties and townships inhabited by the *wehrlos*, or peaceable sects, with one political party; and those where the Reformed and Lutherans are strongest with the other. We might once have thought that the Democratic party was the war party; but during the great rebellion the counties of Berks, Lehigh, and Northampton still remained adherents of the Democratic party in its opposition to the war. The county of Montgomery, in the eastern part of the State, is thus divided; the Mennonites, Schwenkfelders (with Quakers), are almost invariably Republican; while the strong Democratic townships are almost entirely Reformed and Lutheran. Of course there are in all such localities many who do not belong to any religious body.





A Democratic editor in the same county of Montgomery says that he does not know a Mennonite or Schwenkfelder who is not Republican; so also are the great majority of the German Methodists. He, however, added that the Reformed and Lutherans are nearly equally divided in politics. But every politician who knows the people must concede that the counties which are the stronghold of these two churches are an immense Democratic stronghold.

Mr. H., of Easton, tells me of a man who stood looking at a procession in honor of the funeral of Jackson, Harrison, or some other distinguished person. In the procession were Freemasons, Odd-Fellows, and other societies. "Oh," said he, "*des ish alle letz!* That is all wrong. There ought to be only two societies,—the Democrats and the Lutherans. If a man lives up to the principles of General Jackson and Martin Luther, that is enough." He took his boys to delegate or town-meetings. "Now, boys," he said, "are you going to vote the Democratic ticket as long as you live? Always stick to the Democratic party, and carry out the principles of General Jackson. If you intend to do this, you can vote for delegates." (This anecdote is a little injured by the introduction in the beginning of the name of Harrison, who was a Whig. But it was given to me by a person of a well-known Democratic and Lutheran family.)

A few years ago, in an adjoining county, an adherent of the Democratic party told me that the word democracy has a magic sound for the people of Lehigh. "A Democratic parade," he added, "can easily be got up in Allentown two miles in length, composed in a great measure of farmers on horseback; and in Presidential campaigns sometimes farmers' daughters also appear on horseback in the procession. A skilful speaker, generally a lawyer, who speaks the dialect, and who will frequently introduce the words democrat and democracy, can lead the crowd. Even if he do not speak the dialect, if he will introduce those words, he can bring out the applause of his hearers."

An acquaintance tells me of a political speaker in Berks County, that Democratic stronghold. He was telling of *die Demokratie*, which he said goes over hill and dale, over the sea, and strikes the seat from under kings. "And if you ask where that democracy comes from, they will tell you from Berks County."

### YANK EES.

An acquaintance once explained to me the prejudice against Yankees by telling me how, about fifty years ago or longer, the tin-peddlers travelled among the innocent Dutch people, cheating the farmers and troubling the daughters. They were (says he) tricky, smart, and good-looking. They could tell a good yarn, and were very amusing, and the goodly hospitable farmers would take them into their houses and entertain them, and receive a little tin-ware in payment.

A lawyer in Easton, from the State of New York, says that he never saw so large a body of people so honestly inclined as the Pennsylvania Germans. He speaks from a knowledge of the people of Northampton and Lehigh. They have an especial dread of the people of New England and New York, from their having been so terribly victimized by patent-rights' men. He adds that they are not a reading people, but by their careful and slow manner of getting along they really accomplish more than the people of New England and New York, who, he says, make a great display, and then frequently compromise with their creditors by paying fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar. A person present added of these Pennsylvania Germans that they never headed any great moral reforms and never drowned witches.

Another thinks that in his youth the Yankee drovers in Lehigh County were respected for their acuteness. He adds, however, that when the "Dutch" call a man a Yankee, it is not near so opprobrious as to call him a Jew. "But," says another, "when a Yankee comes to Reading with patent rights and inventions they point and say, '*Do geht en Foot.*'" (There goes a Jew.)

Dr. L., of Lebanon County, says that the "Dutch" idea of a Yankee is not of one who starts out to cheat for the pleasure of cheating, but of one who prefers to make his living by his wits rather than by hard labor. He starts with the idea of making money easily, and does not care much finally about the honesty of his proceedings.

In the market at York a learned man of New England origin asked a farmer, "What is the price of your apples,—twenty-five cents?" "Yes, you can have them for that; but I wouldn't let Kochersperger have them for a quarter,—he's a Yankee."

### THRIFT.

In his speech in Congress upon the death of John Covode, Simon Cameron declared that he honored Covode for his true courage when he proclaimed in Philadelphia what weaker men would have tried to suppress, giving as a reason for his hostility to every species of human bondage the fact that his father had been sold as a redemptionist near the spot where he was then speaking. "Scarcely a generation had passed away," adds Cameron, "before the hired servants began to buy their masters' lands, to marry their masters' daughters, and to make good their claim to full equality with those whose bondsmen they had been. For a time the Scotch-Irish made a sturdy stand for that supremacy and superiority which seem to be their peculiar inheritance, place them where you may. At length the thrift, the superior patience, and the perseverance of the German blood prevailed. They bought, and still possess, the old homesteads, and have furnished us with an array of distinguished men of whom every citizen of our State is justly proud." The superior patience, says Mr. Cameron. *Geduld ist das beste Kraut, das man in America baut*,—patience is the best plant grown in America,—is a saying I have heard in Lancaster County. But I must interrupt my regular course to explain the word redemptionist used by Mr. Cameron. It was applied to persons coming here from Germany who were unable to pay the expenses of their passage, and who were sold or indentured for a term of years until that expense was paid. Minor children were bound out until of age.

Mr. Cameron also speaks of the Pennsylvania Germans disposing the Scotch-Irish, and plenty of corroborative evidence of this can be found. A learned gentleman has said to me that the Scotch-Irish element, which used to be the leading one in Franklin County, is in a great measure replaced by the Pennsylvania German. "As the Irish farmers got poor and sold their land it was bought by the Pennsylvania Germans, who then got rich by their extreme thrift or severe economy and great industry." A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, in 1871, goes further, and writing from Brown's Mills in the same county, from "the fertile and picturesque Cumberland valley," speaks of the Pennsylvania Germans of that region as wearing the short gown and petticoat, the shad-belly coat, and broad-brimmed hat. The district, he says, was first settled by Scotch-Irish and Welsh, but these have mostly been replaced; a few families of Lutherans and German Reformed linger here, but their numbers annually grow less, and the difficulty of supporting their ministers is yearly more serious. Then, if we may trust this correspondent, it appears that the *wehrlos*, or defenceless men (who do not pay ministers), are gaining possession of that region. It was said of old time that the meek shall inherit the earth. Far east of Franklin County, in Montgomery, I was told of peacemen, the Schwenkfelders and Mennonites, that they buy good farms. "They don't buy the hilly, stony ones; and, at the same time, I don't know how it comes they can afford to pay for them."

The severe economy of the Pennsylvania Germans has been just mentioned. One New-Year's day I saw in a bank a young man who was asked to subscribe for something. He declined, and spoke of "our old Dutch rule that it is a bad plan to buy on New-Year's morning. Always get money in before you pay it out." In Northampton County an old resident is reported to have



said, "Do you know the difference between a Yankee farmer and a Dutch one? When a Yankee farmer has apples, he sells the scrubby ones and eats the good ones at home; and a Dutch farmer picks out the scrubby ones to eat at home, and sells the good ones."

One of my Lancaster County neighbors has grain-bags that have been in use on the farm for about seventy years, and bid fair to last for twenty more. They were made from flax and hemp grown on the farm. A young member of the family says that their preservation not only shows the economy, but impresses him with proofs of the good judgment of those who made them, in selecting material, and in the thorough manner of their work. He adds, "All these characteristics were, I think, possessed in full measure by the people, somehow and somewhere misnamed Dutch, in whose hands the largest part of Lancaster County has become what it is."



#### CHARMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Mrs. G., born in Lebanon County, says that when they were children one would take a looking-glass and go down the cellar-stairs backward, in order to see therein the form of a future spouse. Another custom was to melt lead and pour it into a cup of cold water, expecting thence to discover some token of the occupation of the same interesting individual. A person in York also remembers that at Halloween her nurse would melt lead and pour it through the handle of the kitchen door-key. The figures were studied and supposed to resemble soldier-caps, books, horses, and so on. This nurse was Irish, but the other domestics were German. A laboring woman from Cumberland County, and afterward from a "Dutch" settlement in Maryland, says that she has heard of persons melting lead to see what trade their man would be of. My German friend before quoted says that in the Palatinate they melted the lead on New-Year's eve. In Nadler's poems in the Palatinate dialect, St. Andreas' night is the time

spoken of for melting the lead. This is the 30th of November. Further, in a work called "The Festival Year" (*Das Festliche Jahr*), by Von Reinsberg-Duringsfeld, Leipsic, 1863, the custom of pouring lead through the beard, or wards, of a key is mentioned.

A lawyer, born in Franklin County, tells me that it is a common superstition among Pennsylvania Germans that persons born on Christmas night can see supernatural things and hear similar sounds. He adds that his mother told him of a person who was sceptical and ridiculed the idea, and was told to go out into his feeding-room and listen. He lay down on the hay, and while there one of the oxen said, "*Uebermorgen schieben mir unser Meschter auf den Kirch-hof.*" (Day after to-morrow we will haul our master to the graveyard.) And his funeral was on the day specified. My German friend before quoted says that in the Palatinate they believe that as it strikes twelve on Christmas eve, all animals talk together. She adds, "I think that idea is through Germany."

A gentleman connected with schools in Northampton County says that at Halloween his daughters meet their companions and melt lead into water to tell their fortunes. They also fill their mouths with water that they may not speak, as speaking would break the charm; and walk around a block of houses. The first name which they hear is that of their future spouse. Another practice, which, unlike the foregoing, may be tried at any time of year, is to take a large door-key and tie it within the leaves of a small Bible, the handle remaining out. Two girls rest the handle upon their fingers, and repeat some cabalistic verse; of which, he thinks, each line begins with a different letter, and the key will turn at the initials of the future spouse. These, he says, are the remnants of old superstitions, and he suspects that the human mind is naturally superstitious. He adds, "The population of Easton is mixed so that we cannot tell how many of these are purely German; but by going into the rural German districts of Northampton County you will find many strange ideas, such as that on a certain church festival, say Ascension day, you must not sweep your house, lest it become full of fleas."



A simple-minded woman in Lancaster County, who showed some regard for the Reformed Church, said that she had sat up late sewing the night before, so as not to sew on Ascension day. "My mother," she said, "knew a girl that sewed on Ascension day; and there came a gust and killed her."

One of my German acquaintances calls my attention to the salt-cake eaten in Lancaster. It is made extremely salt, and is eaten by girls, who then go to bed backward without speaking and without drinking; and he of whom they dream is to be their future husband. This, he says, is a custom also in Germany.

But the most universal ideas of this superstitious kind are those connected with the signs in the almanac. Baer's Almanac, published in Lancaster, still has the signs of the zodiac down the pages, like one shown to me in the Palatinate, where a man of some education said, "Here is where I see how to plant my garden." What, however, is very mysterious is that when our people tell you you must not plant now, for it is in the Posy-woman (and the things will all run to blossom, and not bear fruit), they cannot tell *what* is in the Posy-woman, or Virgo. I infer, however, that it is the moon.

I have been shown a German Bible, which belonged to the grandfather of one of my neighbors, wherein the family births were entered in the German language. I endeavored to decipher one, as follows.

"1797, September den 9ten ist uns ein Sohn geboren ihm Zeichen Witter, ehr ist ihn dem nehmlichen Mohnat ihm Herren entschlafen."

"On the 9th of September, 1797, a son is born to us in the sign of the Ram [Aries]. In the same month he fell asleep in the Lord."

The same neighbor who owns the old Bible just mentioned tells me that one of the Russian Mennonites showed him a pamphlet in the German language, which the man had brought from Europe; wherein was told what would be the fortune of a child born in each sign, his health, wealth, etc.; but my neighbor says that he, himself, had no faith in it.

"Grain should be sowed in the up-going; meat butchered in the down-going will shrink in the pot." But my worthy neighbors do not appear to know what it is that is going up and going down. I infer, of course, that it is the moon. Is it not remarkable that my neighbors should be so attached to book-farming? I knew a woman, born among Friends, but in a Pennsylvania German settlement, who was lamenting the smallness of the piece of meat on the table. "What a little piece, and so big before it was cooked! How it has shrunk! It is in the down-going. And those strawberries, too, that I preserved, that went away to so little; they were done in the down-going." But one of her family spoke up, bravely, "Just so, mother; that must be it. Now I know what's the matter with my portemonnaie, that it shrinks away so; it's the down-going."

These beliefs in the influence of the heavenly bodies must be the relics of astrology remaining in the almanacs, and never drawn now from actual observation of the weather and the planets.

Mrs. Nevin relates the following (*Philadelphia Press*, June 2, 1875): "There are several superstitions connected with death and funerals in the country, which are a strange blending of the ludicrous with the mournful. One is that if the mother of a family is dying, the vinegar-barrel must be shaken at the time to prevent the 'mother' in it from dying. Said a man once in sober earnest to me, 'I was so sorry Mr. D. was not in the room when his wife died.' 'Where was he?' 'Oh, in the cellar a-shaking the vinegar-barrel; but if he had just told me, I would have done it and let him been in the room to see her take her last breath.'"

Mrs. Nevin adds: "Another superstition is that the last person that goes out of a house at a funeral will be the next one to die, and as the audience begins to thin, you may see people slip very nimbly out of a back or kitchen door to avoid being that last one."

The belief in *spooks* or ghosts is not lost in "Pennsylvania Dutch" land. In some of his verses Mr. Schantz tells (*Allentown Friedensbote*) of an abandoned school-house standing near a sand-

pit, beside some woods. He says,—

—"*kam mir zu Ohr  
Vom Sandloch Schuhhaus am Kreuzweg  
Was Lesern ich nicht gern vorleg.  
S' hen Leut g'sad 'Am Sandloch spukts!  
En mancher hot oft g'frogt, 'Wie guckt's?  
Reiter sie sin schnell geridde!  
Laüfer nahme g'schwinde Schridde!'"*

"About the sand-pit school-house, at the cross-roads, things were said that I do not like to tell. It was told that there were spooks at the sand-pit, and 'In what shape?' was asked. People riding by rode rapidly, and those on foot hurried swiftly by." There are still standing near the Conestoga, close to Lancaster, the remains of a building long and extensively known as "the spook house." It probably became unpopular from a suicide in it, or from having been built in a field where strangers were buried.

A Lutheran clergyman said lately, "I do not believe in *spooks* myself, but plenty of people do; and sad enough it is that there should be such superstition."

## MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

The peculiarities of a people are always best observed by those who do not live among them, or rather by those who visit them occasionally. Most of my notes on this subject are taken from the conversation of physicians born in other localities than those in which they practise. One in my own county mentions the "*apnehme*," or wasting away of children. He says that popular remedies are measuring the child and greasing it by certain old women. Another says that the "Pennsylvania Dutch" also measure for wild-fire or erysipelas, generally using a red silk string, and measuring about sundown. They blow across the affected part to blow the fire outside of the string, at the same time they "say words" or powwow. This physician says that the greasing above mentioned is for liver-grown children, and not for "*abnehme*" (as it is spelled). One class of powwowers do not interfere, he says, with regular practitioners; but one old woman in this county (who builds a fire in the brick oven, and says words over the coals) has been known to hide the prescriptions of regular physicians. He adds: "If a person is burned, recourse is sometimes had to a professional blower, who blows across the surface, saying words in the interval. Along the Pennsylvania Canal, on the Susquehanna, where *ague* prevails, the patient who has a chill is tied to a tree by a long string, and he runs around the tree until the string is exhausted, and then on to some distance. This is tying the chill to a tree. A 'Pennsylvania Dutch' remedy for whooping-cough, and one by which they bother the millers a good deal, is to put the child into a hopper with grain, and let the child remain until the grain is all ground out. Blood-stopping is very common in Pennsylvania. I saw a man with an artery cut, in whose case a blood-stopper was called in. The man pressed his hand on the bleeding part and repeated something, raising his eyes to heaven; but the artery was too powerful for him."

On the west side of the Susquehanna the only county that can distinctively be called Pennsylvania German is York. A physician in the borough says that town and county are full of superstitions. He says, "In case of hemorrhage from the nose, from a wound or from other cause, a common cure is to wrap a red woollen string round each finger; another is to lay an axe under the bed, edge upward; and you can't talk them out of it. I used to get angry when I first came here, but I found that it was of no use. These are not occasional things only, but I have seen them over and over again. Then there are prayers for stopping blood, always in 'Dutch.' They can't be sick in English, and the first question to me as a physician has been '*Kann er Deutsch?*' (Do you speak German?) One of the prayers for stopping blood is, I understand, for human beings, and another for animals; and I think that the names of the persons of the Trinity are introduced. I have often



asked, but they are not allowed to tell. Soon after I came here, I ordered some boneset tea for a patient, and the mother asked in 'Dutch' whether the leaves should be pulled upwards or downwards. 'Will it make any difference?' I asked. 'Oh, yes; if you pull them upwards, it will work upwards; and if you pull them downwards, it will work downwards.' [A valuable hint for a physician if the same plant can be used both as an emetic and a purgative.] Of the blood of a black fowl,—no other color will do,—three drops are given internally. I think this is for convulsions; but I hear so many of these things, and have heard them so many years, that they make no impression on my mind. These are pure 'Pennsylvania Dutch' peculiarities; I have found none or few of them among foreign Germans."

I asked whether these ideas still continue or whether they are wearing out. "No," he said, "they don't wear out. I meet them every day. They still speak of horses and animals being bewitched (*verhext*). I have a story from good authority of a horse that was said to be *verhext*, and that turned out to have a nail in his hoof. That is a fact. What are you going to do about it?"

But to come to another county, Berks. I hear that in Reading there is a woman called the *Wurst-frau*, because her mother sold sausages and "puddings." This woman has a large office practice in salves and powwowing. In an adjoining county, Lehigh, I remember a few years ago to have seen the names of two persons put down in the directory as *powwowers*; the word being spelled as pronounced in "Dutch."

Norristown, in Montgomery County, is greatly Anglicized; but a physician says that an idea exists of stopping blood by a religious lingo, into which come the words "*der Vater, Sohn, und heilig Geist*." "A certain man told me that he had never failed to arrest bleeding from wounds or even from the lungs, nor was it necessary to be upon the spot; he could go home and repeat his lingo. This was his only medical skill; he did not claim to be a doctor."

In Norristown also I met a woman who had been quite ill; but I heard that when better she would not get up on Sunday, lest she should never get well, and Friday was as bad. Her little grandchild having a birth-mark, she passed the hand of a dead person over it to take it away, but was unsuccessful.

To return, however, to this county of Lancaster, which I know better. A physician says that he found a child very ill with membranous croup, for which he left powders to be administered every half-hour, saying that when he called again, if it seemed possible to dislodge the membrane he would give an emetic. When he called, he found a powwower sitting, who looked very smiling. The doctor went up to the little patient, and asked whether the mother had given the medicine. She had given only one dose; the man had said that it was not necessary to give any powders. "Don't you think the child is better?" the mother asked. On examination the doctor declared, "I am sorry to tell you that the child will not live two hours;" which caused the countenance of the powwower to fall. The child died, and this case caused the doctor to declare that he would not practise in conjunction with powwowers; and if they are now called in, it is done privately.

Although one physician spoke of not finding many of these ideas among foreign Germans, yet my friend, before mentioned, from the Palatinate says that when children have earache there, or *abnehme* (wasting away), or when persons are in the early stages of consumption, country people say, "*Lasz dir brauche*" (or, Consult a powwower); and a woman comes and whispers some words. "My father" (she adds that he was a Reformed preacher) "knew a blacksmith to whom children were brought, suffering with earache. The man would heat the big tongs, hold them close to their ears, and whisper something. My father asked him what he said. He answered, 'Nothing; but if he did not whisper, the people would not believe in him;' and my father told him that he ought not to impose upon them."





## HOLIDAYS—EASTER.

I live in the country, but on last Good-Friday was at Reading, and was surprised to see so many persons going to church. Easter is greatly observed by Reformed and Lutherans. It is the time of confirmation and administering the sacrament; and you may hear of churches in country localities having as high as six hundred communicants. At Easter, of course, eggs greatly abound. At a boarding-house at Allentown I heard of colored eggs being offered to callers or taken to friends. Fragments of egg and of colored shells may be seen on the pavements for about a week.

A little childish myth is found in these more eastern counties, of which I have heard very little in Lancaster County. It is that the rabbit lays the colored eggs. A young man in Reading says that when they were children they always made a nest the evening before Easter Sunday, of an old hat or something similar, which they set near the door for the rabbit to lay the colored eggs in. An old man in a tavern, however, says that it is foolishness, like *Bellschnickel*. At my own tavern the landlady was coloring eggs, and had bought some canton-flannel rabbits with which to dress the guests' tables at breakfast on Sunday morning.

In Lehigh County a lawyer says that when they were children they would take flax and each make his nest under a bush in the garden. On Easter Sunday morning they would run out and find three eggs of different colors in each nest. Literalness has gone so far in Allentown that I hear of cakes in a baker's window in the form of a rabbit laying eggs.

At Easton a lady spoke of making nests for her two boys by taking plates, ornamenting them with cut paper in the form of a nest, putting into each a large candy egg and colored eggs, and placing a rabbit in one and a chicken in the other, and hiding them for the boys to find.

This myth of the rabbits' eggs is very common among the Moravians. One of my "Dutch" acquaintances, born west of us in Cumberland County, and afterward living in Maryland, says that her mother told them when children to set their bonnets at Easter for nests for the rabbits' eggs.

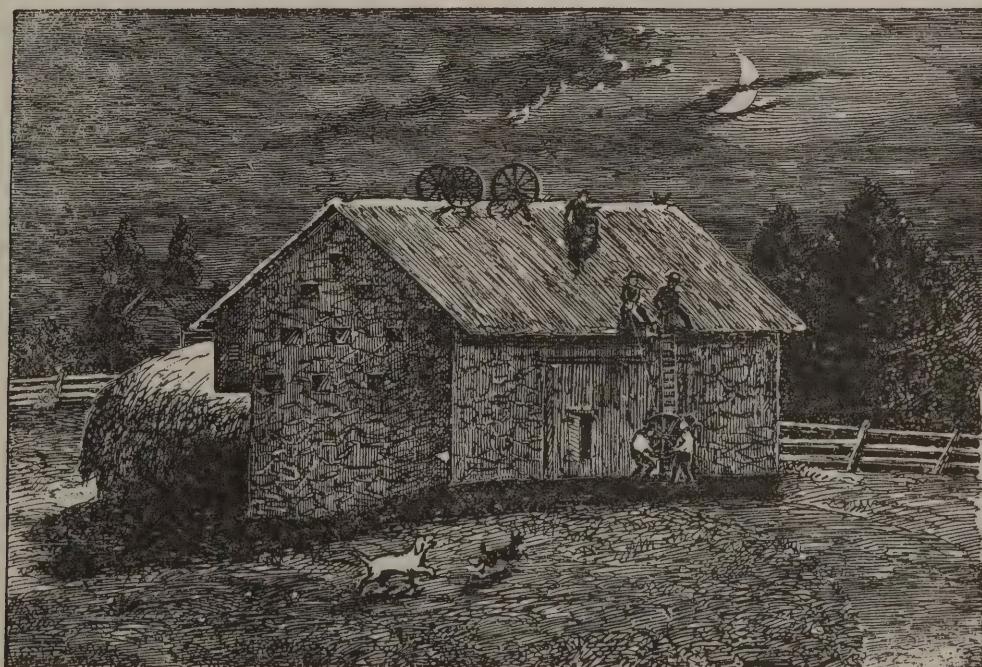
This is an old German myth. A gentleman from Switzerland says that he heard the fable there, and he thinks that it prevails all

over Germany. Many or most of our early German emigrants into Pennsylvania seem to have come from or through the Palatinate. My friend before mentioned, who was born there, thus describes the custom at her former home. If the children have no garden, they make nests in the wood-shed, barn, or house. They gather colored flowers for the rabbit to eat, that it may lay colored eggs. If there be a garden, the eggs are hidden singly in the green grass, box-wood, or elsewhere. On Easter Sunday morning they whistle for the rabbit, and the children imagine that they see him jump the fence. After church, on Easter Sunday morning, they hunt the eggs, and in the afternoon the boys go out in the meadows and crack eggs or play with them like marbles. Or sometimes children are invited to a neighbor's to hunt eggs.

Prof. Wackernagel, of Allentown, has kindly pointed out to me the antiquity of the myth. The old German goddess of spring was called Ostara (whence Easter). She rode over the fields in the spring in a wagon drawn by hares. (Our Pennsylvania rabbit is really a hare, as it does not burrow in the ground.) The egg is an emblem, says the professor, of the resurrection from the dead; so herein he finds heathenism and Christianity blended. However, the author of *Das Festliche Jahr* (Leipsic, 1863) considers the myth older than Christianity; for he says that in Thuringia, Hesse, Suabia, and Switzerland it is said now, as apparently in ante-Christian times, that the hare or Easter hare lays the eggs. Finally, one of my German friends finds the whole a myth of the renewal of life in the spring.

## HALLOWEEN.

On the 30th of last October our farmer locked the gate on the road, lest it should be taken off. Therefore the Halloween visitors limited themselves to taking down bundles of corn-fodder in the field and building a fence across the road, and to propping up one end of the market-wagon on the fence. I am told of a person who once had his wagon taken apart, and the pieces put up into different trees, so that it was some time before all were found. In Lebanon County a similar custom is found. One of my acquaintances living in a small town says that they celebrate Halloween roughly,—hanging beets and cabbages at the doors, moving steps, taking gates from hinges, throwing corn. The speaker was born





in Lehigh County, where nothing of this prevailed, and this fact constitutes one of the chief distinctions among our Pennsylvania Germans of Lancaster and Lebanon on one hand, and Lehigh, Berks, upper Montgomery, and probably Northampton on the other. In Montgomery a young "Dutchman" did not even know when Halloween is, and when I described our Lancaster County custom, said, "That ain't any use." Traces of similar observances of Halloween are found, however, in other regions. In Philadelphia the boys indulge in ringing front-door bells. In Harrisburg people who had wooden door-steps used to take them into the house, lest they should be carried off. Of Franklin County, beyond the Susquehanna, I am told that at Waynesboro' it has been a favorite amusement at Halloween to gather store-boxes and build a fortification around the town pump, and collect wheeled vehicles around the public square. At Lockhaven, up the West Branch of the Susquehanna, my landlady was anxious that her cabbage should be housed, for fear that it would be carried off on Halloween.

My German acquaintances, before quoted, born in the Palatinate, do not report to me anything of this kind as existing in Germany at Halloween. One of them says, however, that at the time of putting up string-beans (which are preserved like sour-kraut), children throw the strings into front doors. And Mr. Wollenweber, of Reading, also a native of the Palatinate, says that when the farm-work was over in October, they used to practise tricks. He has helped to take a wagon to pieces, and put it together again in a stable or barn. "We troubled ourselves very much," he says. He adds that the boys were expected, when the fun was over, to come together and take it down again; but this is not the case in Lancaster County.

Can it be that some of these practices belong to the season of the year, and are a warning to the tardy to gather the fruits of the earth and their farm implements?

In his work called *Die Alte Zeite*, or Old Times, Mr. H. L. Fisher, of York, Pennsylvania, describes such pranks as played at weddings or home-comings "infares." The boys hid the bridegroom's horse in a quarry, and the young men's saddles and bridles were put upon trees, straw-stacks, etc.

In the text I have spoken of Bellschnickel, who in "Pennsylvania Dutch" land takes the part of Santa Claus, being in fact the same personage; Bellschnickel, or Peltz Nickel, being St. Nicholas in furs. St. Nicholas day is not, however, Christmas eve. It is the 6th of December; but it is in Advent. One of my German friends thus describes Peltz Nickel: "In the Palatinate at Christmas they have the Christ-kindchen, which is a little girl dressed in white and riding on a donkey. I often made one myself, dressed in my mother's wedding-veil. If you have no donkey, a boy is dressed to represent one and goes on all-fours. The Peltz Nickel is a boy leading; he is blackened, and has a beard and rattling chains. He gives a switch to the mother, which sticks behind the glass the whole year, if the children do not hide nor break it. This begins on the first Sunday of December, with Advent, and may be practised till Christmas. He carries apples and nuts. The children must kneel and say their prayers, and if they say them nicely they get some of these, and perhaps honey-cakes and candy, which the Christ-kindel and Peltz Nickel distribute; but they do not give the Christmas gifts." She adds, "We only went to one or two houses."

As regards the New Year, Mr. Wollenweber says that in Berks County, around Womelsdorf, a dozen boys or so will form a company, choose a captain, take a gun, and go around the neighborhood, calling on different persons and asking leave to wish them a New Year. If they obtain consent, they will form into a rank, and the captain will repeat the following verses:

"Nau wunschen wir euch en Neues Yohr,  
En Bretzel wie en Scheuer Thor,  
En Brodwurst wie en Ofen Rohr,  
Und in der Midde-Stub en Tisch  
Oof yedem Eck en gebrodener Fisch,  
Und in der Mitt en Bottell Wein,  
Das soll unser Neu Yohr's Wunsch sein."

"Now we wish you a New Year; a pretzel like a barn-door; a fried sausage like a stove-pipe; and in the middle room a table, with a fried fish at each corner, and in the midst a bottle of wine,—that shall be our New Year's wish."

Then they fire off the gun, and are invited to come in and take a supper. Generally they go to farm-houses, where there are a number of daughters, and these daughters are usually prepared to give them a hospitable reception.

This custom, says Mr. Wollenweber, also prevails in the Palatinate.

I am also told that the custom of firing-in the New Year is found in Lehigh, Berks, and Lebanon Counties.

### THE PLAINER SECTS.

Some of our Pennsylvania German Baptist sects cannot escape a suspicion of asceticism. I speak of them as Baptists, for not only the Dunkers who dip, but the Mennonites who pour, are Baptists, because they baptize on faith, adults or young persons, and not infants. At the time of the great Centennial Exposition one of our farmers told me that although their members were not forbidden to visit it, yet it had been recommended for them not to do so. He said that there were worldly things there, unnecessary things. Of the stricter sect of New Mennonites I heard that they were forbidden. But as these churches are of simple congregational form, this rule and this recommendation may have been local.

I met another farmer on a railway train, and asked about the Exposition. He answered, "I don't think the Lord has any love to them things. It's like those picnics and things; those that will go to them will do anything." But his name was afterward connected with a more disreputable thing than a picnic.

In some things our New Mennonites are very strict. It is said that one was obliged to take down his front porch and another to cut down his evergreen-trees, apparently because they were suspected of being "proud." A woman inclined to the same sect cultivated no flowers. Yet it is surprising how showily the members allow their unbaptized children to dress, in which they are a great contrast to the Amish. It is the same New Mennonites who have so rigid a ban in the church of which I have spoken in the text. I have spoken of a father who did not come to the family table. A member of the church was kind enough to explain to me the cause. He gave way to a selfish spirit, found fault unnecessarily. The wife bore it a long time, and then complained to the meeting, whereupon he did not show a penitent spirit; he was not willing to humble himself before her. So they continued to eat apart, to be separate. Our Old Mennonites confess their faults to each other in an open meeting of the members. If the same rule prevails among the New Mennonites, we can see that it would not be at all grateful to the pride of "the natural man" to apologize thus to a meeting of which the wife was a part.

As regards another sect, the River Brethren, an acquaintance tells me that he was expelled from them for voting at elections; but still some of the brethren will vote. But against him there were two other charges, namely, of having a melodeon in his house and having his property insured.

Another division of the Mennonites are the Amish, who are very simple in dress and habits, very reclude. I once called on a plain old Amish farmer in moderate circumstances. His clothing was long worn, but clean and well mended, and his bent form,



silver beard and hair commanded regard. A neighbor was with him whom he called Chrissy, the nickname of Christian. In conversation I spoke of one of my relatives as a lawyer, and I saw that this had an immediate effect. The neighbor remarked that when Judge Jasper Yeates was growing old, he said that lawyers are like woollen yarn, they will stretch. The old man added, "I guess they must tell rather more than the truth when they *blead*."

I said to the old man, "You all vote?"

"Yes; there's some of them a little conscientious; but if they are, they can just leave it alone. It may be I'm dumb; but I just think we must have government,—we have Scripture for it,—and if the good people—what I call the tame people—stays away and leaves it all to the rowdies, how would it be? We must *bray* for the government; do all we can. We mustn't go to pole-raising. It oughtn't to be, but sometimes they will, you know."

"Do any of your young men learn trades?" I asked.

"Yes; some are carpenters or cabinet-makers."

"But you would rather have them farmers; why do you like that best?"

"I think if a man's a *Gristian*, that's the best thing he can undertake."

I have been told of an Amish farmer who was sitting at table with several young men who had lately joined the meeting, having been baptized. One of these was his hired man called Yoney (a nickname for Jonathan). The Amish here do not in general wear suspenders, and the old man, addressing Yoney, said, "*Was hasht du verschproke in der Gemeh?*" (What did you promise in meeting?) The young man looked at his clothes, and the elder pointed out the suspenders.

Yoney answered that he was allowed to wear the clothes that he already had until they were worn out.

"These look like new ones."

"They were my best ones," he answered, "and I have just begun to wear them every day."

A girl who has lived among the Amish has told me that they are obliged to give to beggars or "stragglers," or they would be turned out of meeting. She does not know indeed that they are obliged to give to those who are able to work; but she did not believe that she ever saw them turn any away.

The impression prevails concerning the Amish that they endeavor to fulfil the saying, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." When I turn my mind to these plain people, I sometimes recall the trailing arbutus, which is found partly buried under the leaves and clinging close to the surface of the ground, but which when drawn up displays, though sometimes disfigured with dead, brown leaves, such a delicate form and tint, and exhales so sweet a perfume.

And I also have recalled Pope's *Temple of Fame*:

"Next came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,  
Plain was their dress and modest was their mien;  
'Great idol of mankind, we neither claim  
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!  
But safe in deserts from the applause of men  
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'And live there men who slight immortal Fame,  
Who then with incense shall adore our name?'"

Yet our Amish are not a highly-educated people. Some years ago I inquired of a neighbor (who did not speak English fluently) on the subject of education. He said that they were not opposed to school-learning, but to high learning. "To send children to school from ten to twenty-one, we would think was opposed to Holy Scripture. There are things taught in school that don't agree with Holy Scripture."

I asked whether he thought it was wrong to teach that the earth goes round the sun. "I don't know anything about it; but I am not in favor of teaching geography and grammar in the schools: it's worldly wisdom."

All these Baptist sects have an unpaid ministry. Dr. H., of Bucks County, had a patient who was a Mennonite preacher, and the doctor refused to receive payment, saying that his father had taught him never to take pay from ministers of the gospel. The preacher looked sober and worried, but left quietly, and not long after he came bringing oats and corn for the doctor's horse. Afterwards he would bring flour or buckwheat-meal and choice bits about butchering time. Thus he seems, without entering into argument, to have relieved conscientious scruples about taking pay for preaching.





The ceremonial of these plain German sects is not formal and stately, like that of the Romish Church. A Moravian of Bethlehem was amused with one of their ministers, who, in ordaining a preacher, said, "*Nau kannscht du taufe, und nau kannscht du copulire.*" (Now you can baptize, and now you can marry.) Then turning to a brother, "*Hab ich net ebbes vergesse? Oh, ya; nau kannscht du auch beim Abendmahl diene.*" (Haven't I forgotten something? Oh, yes; now too you can serve in the Supper.)

Perhaps I would better translate the foregoing, "Thou can serve in the Supper," for our Pennsylvania Germans generally use the pronouns thee and thou.

The Mennonites have not a great yearly meeting like that of the Dunkers. In 1874 a correspondent of one of our Lancaster papers spoke of a national meeting held in Illinois by the Dunkers. He said, "They had abundant provision for the comfort of the brethren. The tent held ten thousand people. Eighty beeves were on the ground for steaks and roasts, and one baker had orders for eleven thousand loaves of bread." This year I see a statement that the national Conference was held in Indiana, and that twenty thousand people were on the ground. Dr. Seidensticker (*Century Magazine*, December, 1881) states the number of the Dunkers in the United States at about two hundred thousand, with nearly two thousand ministers, none of whom receives a salary. They pay more attention to education than the Mennonites, having now three collegiate institutes.

Mennonites are still found in Europe; in Holland, Prussia, Switzerland, the Palatinate, etc. They are sometimes distinguished in Germany into Hefler and Knöpfler, or Hook men and Button men; whence it seems that one of the distinctions here is widespread and of former origin. In 1881 I visited a family in the Palatinate, where I was shown a black satin waistcoat which the father had once worn, with hooks and eyes down the front; but none of our Amish here would wear anything so showy as a black satin waistcoat.

In the same year, 1881, a Mennonite preacher in the Palatinate gave me a list of many of the European communities, with names of their officers, such as preachers, deacons, etc. Many of the same names are found in Lancaster County, though not generally spelled in the same way. Such are Frantz, Lichti, Landes, Lehmann, Bachmann, Oesch, Bühr and Bär, Zercher, Krehbiel, Neff, Binkele, Muselmann, Brubacher, Staehly, Wickert. The family of Stauffer, in my own immediate neighborhood, has possessed for several generations the given names John and Christian. On the European list I find two Christian Stauffers, and one marked Johann Stauffer II.

I met in the Palatinate one who had travelled in Switzerland, and who had seen Mennonites there. All that he met there were farmers, who sold milk when near towns, or made butter and cheese when at a distance. They were mostly Amish. One Amish family, who still wore hooks and eyes, were named Stauffer. Other families whom he knew or heard of were named Wenger, Schwartz, Rettiger, etc.

I find in the volume just mentioned a little description of a Mennonite congregation near Tilsit, in Prussia, which shows how closely agricultural the people are. There are altogether about eight hundred (five hundred and twenty being baptized). Seven hundred and seventy live in the country, in town thirty. Fifteen belong to the mercantile class, to mechanics twenty-four, to laborers seventy. The rest own or rent land (*sind Grundbesitzer und Rentier*).

From this volume, some of the Russian Mennonites appear to have adopted river-baptism. One body of Russians went to

Taschkant in Middle Asia, and seem to have been quite unfortunate, as most of us would expect non-resistants to be among those nearly barbarians. And these emigrants were extremists, refusing obedience to worldly authorities; they were unwilling to plant forests in lieu of military service in Russia; the office of preacher they considered a human institution, and called themselves the spouse of the Lord. (*Brautgemeinde des Herrn*.)

I have received a copy of the Family Almanac for 1882, published by a Mennonite company in Indiana, which bears on the cover a little engraving of the sword being beaten into the ploughshare, and the motto above, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Within the almanac, among other matter, is the well-known engraving of a man surrounded by the twelve signs of the zodiac, and headed thus, "Anatomy of Man's Body as said to be governed by the Twelve Constellations." I find the words *said to be* significant,—perhaps the introduction of some scrupulous person. On the same page is the statement, "Jupiter is the ruling planet this year."

A meeting calendar at the close of the almanac gives forty-two meeting-houses in Lancaster County, and twenty-two others in this State. Also eleven in Indiana, one in Michigan, and seventeen in Virginia. There are many Mennonites in Ohio, but this list does not speak of them. Those meeting-houses mentioned make nearly one hundred; but probably the list contains none of the New or Reformed Mennonites, also none of the Amish, who almost invariably meet in private houses. A peculiarity of the Mennonite meetings in the list just spoken of is the long interval between meetings, which is mostly two or four weeks, and in three cases eight weeks.

Before closing these remarks on the plainer sects, I may add that they are all evangelical, at least there are no Socinian "Menists" here as in Holland in the time of William Penn. The Dunkers do not believe in eternal perdition.

Further as regards one of these plainer sects, I may ask, Are they degenerating physically? This must be the tendency, it would seem, in all small religious bodies, limited in marriage to their own membership; but this may be compensated for by simplicity and purity of life and freedom from agitation and pecuniary distress.

## THE PEOPLE CONTRASTED.

It will be seen that there are among the Pennsylvania Germans two classes who may be compared or contrasted. The one party may be called the people of Lancaster and Lebanon, the Baptist and peace; the other, the people of Berks, Lehigh, and Northampton, the Reformed and Lutheran party. There are, however, many Reformed and Lutherans in the former division, but extremely few of the peace people in the latter. In Bucks and Montgomery on the east, Cumberland and other counties on the west, the different classes are mingled with many "English." I have already pointed out that many of the peace people are of Swiss origin; of the other division, many or most appear to have been Palatines, and perhaps French refugees. I have already pointed out also how these two parties differ, the most astonishing difference being that of politics. During the civil war the one party opposed the government, which the other sustained. I find a surprising instance in my notes: A worthy Schwenkfelder told me of places in the northern part of Montgomery where party spirit seemed to have run riot, where vendue-criers would use such language as this: one held up an old scythe, and, as if to enhance its merits, said that it would do to cut old Lincoln's head off. The great contrast, however, in politics between the two districts al-



luded to may of course have had some other origin than the sectarian differences of the people. It must be remembered, however, in Germany, that for a long period the Reformed and Lutheran were state churches; and these other bodies that existed there were dissenters.

In language I have pointed out small differences. In holidays I have shown how Lancaster and Lebanon keep Halloween, in a manner unknown to the eastern counties. In the three "Dutch" counties of the east we have the rabbit myth more extensive than here in Lancaster. While those three have great agricultural county fairs, Lancaster has held none since before the war. I attribute this in a great measure to the opposition of our Baptist farmers to horse-racing and its concomitants.

A friend gives me another small point of difference. In Lancaster, at Christmas-time, is sold a cake called *Motzebom*, which is not seen in Eastern Pennsylvania. This, he adds, is from the Italian *marzipane*, or bread of St. Mark, which came from Italy into Germany; in England called marchpain.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Said a young man to us, "My daddy won't sit in no rocking-chair. He has a crutch agin' a rocking-chair." It appears that the same objection has been felt by other Pennsylvania Germans. Wollenweber gives us a farmer talking to his children in the spring, who says especially that none of the girls is to sit in a rocking-chair on a working-day. In sounding the praises of Womelsdorf, Berks County, the same author tells us that the women are never seen sitting in a rocking-chair.

It has been hinted in the text that the Pennsylvania Germans are not refined. One of their preachers has told me of their being a gross, unrefined people, and of his being often obliged to see things that he would rather not. Another preacher gave me this anecdote: A man, speaking of his son, said, "I would rather have lost my best horse as Jake. He was such a fellow to work."

I have spoken of old apple-butter. The following is condensed from a Lancaster paper of 1874: "A gentleman handed us a few days since a bottle of apple-butter made in 1820, being fifty-three years old last fall. It is still good, and retains its original flavor. It was part of the 'housetire' of Mrs. R. of this county after her marriage." (*Haus steur* is the house-furnishing. Apple-butter kept so long dries away to a very small bulk, but can be renewed by boiling it with water.)

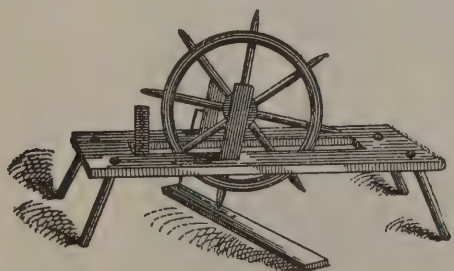
A neighboring farmer came to our house with his little boy, about five years old. I handed the little fellow a penny, and he began to pull his father, who was talking.

"He gives it to you, does he?" I asked.

"Yes, to put into his box. He's got two full. I'll have to steal them some day, I guess," winking at me.

"That's the way you teach them to save?" said I.

"Yes, keep them till he gets big. Buy a horse and buggy with them, he says."



It is hard for some of our Pennsylvania Germans to write a letter in English. I wrote once to a preacher, who got the ticket-agent at the railroad to answer. The following was sent by a workingman:

"Dear A B Your man have pacts that Roof has left some stuff mite I have them to pact my slate roof the leeke I sought the might spile so I mite youse it as well as let the leek away ensur soon.  
Yours C D."

Which may be interpreted thus: "Your man has patched that roof, and has left some stuff. Might I have it to patch my slate-roof,—the leak? I thought it might spoil, so I might use it as well as let it leak away. Answer soon."

I was told some years back of farmers in Berks "worth from thirty to eighty thousand dollars who never bring wheat bread to the table except at Christmas and New Year's. This is from their great economy and desire to sell the wheat."

Mrs. R., of Lehigh County, tells me that at her father's they baked wheat bread on Saturday, for Sunday, but during the week they ate rye.

When her brother-in-law returned from a visit to Ohio, he said, "*Daraus in Ohio, 's is so schane. Sie essen laute waytzbrod;*" or, "Out in Ohio it is so fine. They eat altogether wheat bread."

In Berks County a young publisher told me that when visiting the country and asking his subscribers how they liked his paper, he received answer that it was "a very nice paper for the cupboard." Being a large-sized paper, it was a good one to spread upon shelves to keep them clean.

Lancaster County men connected with the press have had similar experiences. One canvassing for a paper to be published in a small town came across an old man and his wife tying covers on pots of apple-butter, and showed them a specimen copy. He was answered, "*Ich verlang's net. Es macht net vier Happe-deckel.*" (I don't want it. It won't make four pot-covers.)

When the *Lancaster County Farmer* was started it was in small pamphlet form. A person in the office showed it to a man, who took hold of it, opened it, and looked at the other side, but believed he would not take it: it was almost too small to tie apple-butter crocks with.

The following seems to be from a report in the *Reading Eagle*: Samuel J. and his wife returned from their wedding trip on Monday evening, when they were serenaded early by a band, and later Butcher arrived before the bride's house with the si-gike, followed by about one hundred little boys. After making the welkin ring for about one hour, Samuel handed over a V, and the band left in high glee.

At my own home I have heard the sound of these rough serenades, borne over the fields in notes by distance made less harsh. The instruments are pots and pans beaten, and a horse-fiddle, made by putting rosin on edges of a box, and drawing a rail over them. In my own neighborhood I hear that this rough play is going out of fashion as musical bands are coming in.

In the south of England I saw an aged pair who had received a rough serenade on account of conjugal disturbances.

A friend, born in the Palatinate, tells me that rough serenades were formerly practised there, and called *Katzen-musik* (cat music), or *charivari*. They were introduced on the occasion of disproportionate marriages. Thus,—

"Eine alte Frau und ein junger Mann  
Die müsse Charivari han."

"An old wife and a young husband must have a serenade."





I was invited to go one evening on a sleighing-party. There were an equal number of young men and girls, and at a village we took in two fiddlers. We drove several miles to a stone tavern or farmhouse (for the tavern-keeper is generally a farmer). The fiddlers sat in the window-seats, formed by the thick stone walls; and the dance was lively until the small hours. The dancers made a business of it, and went to work with a will. The dances were called 'straight eights,' forward and back, and mostly shuffles. Although at a tavern, none got drunk. Coming home, the driver increased the fun by upsetting the party in the snow.

"The great dancing tunes in Berks are Fisher's Hornpipe, Washington's Grand March, Charlie over the Water, Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, and We won't go Home till Morning."

"The walls in the stone houses in Berks are generally two feet thick, built like forts, with plenty of room to sit in the window-seats, but usually the landlord had a long bar-room table, on which he put chairs for the fiddlers. About every third dance they must have a drink, which frequent potations sometimes brought them to the floor, unable to distinguish sounds." "The dancing they indulge in in Berks," says Mr. H., "is not the fashionable kind, but is more exhausting than mauling rails in August, or thrashing rye with a flail. The figures are called out by some skilful person; the dances are called straight fours or hoe-downs, the dancers being arranged in four rows, in a sort of double column on each side. After the inside couples have danced and all have changed places, the former are allowed to rest while the outside couples dance."





## POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

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Our honest old-time folk believed  
That Friday was 'n unlucky day ;  
And, though they might have been deceived,  
No farmer would begin to hay  
Or harvest; and no risks were run :  
Nor horse nor land was bought or sold,  
No distant journey was begun,  
On this unlucky day, of old.

No prudent dame would set a hen,  
A goose, a turkey, or a duck ;  
Nor with an even number, when  
In odd eggs, only, there was luck :  
And why was Friday so esteemed ?  
I only know, I heard them say,  
The reason was, and so it seemed—  
Because 'twas hangman's holiday.

And there was Sagittarius,  
The Archer, with his magic bow  
And arrow—all imperious—  
Though once a mortal, here, below,  
Dread Centaur now; half man half beast,  
With ever fire-flashing eyes,  
Presiding o'er the huntsman's feast  
Yet constellated in the skies.

And, likewise, mystic Capricorn'—  
Of fish and flesh, a strange compound ;  
Of mythologic fancy born—  
Involved in mystery profound;  
Who planted in these last two signs,  
His roots, his cuttings, or his seeds,  
Instead of growing fruitful vines,  
Would grow a fruitful crop of weeds.

Saint Patrick was the saint of saints  
For sowing cabbage-seeds in beds,  
And when so sown raised no complaints  
Of vermin on the plants or heads;  
And if one asked the reason why,  
No other did our mothers know  
But this, and gave it with a sigh—  
“*Our sainted mothers taught us so.*”

If ground-hog-day was bright and fair,  
The beast came forth, but not to stay;  
His shadow turned him to his lair,  
Where six weeks more, he dormant lay  
Secure in subterranean hold—  
So wondrous weatherwise was he—  
Against six weeks of ice and cold,  
Which, very certain, there would be.





"The battalion (Pennsylvania Dutch, *Badolya*?) is an annual day of joy and festivity in Berks County. The annual training, which gave name to the day, has long been given up, but still just before hay-making the landlords of the country towns, such as Kutztown or Hamburg, will advertise that they will hold the annual battalion (without any soldiers). The peanut-venders, the men with flying-horses, and the others who expect to reap the harvest, come during the night before, and by six in the morning everything is ready, and about that hour the farmers begin to come in, wives, sons, daughters, hired men, and maids, even little children and quite small babies.

"The farmers patronize the landlords by dining and drinking. You can get a good dinner at Kutztown for less money than in any other town I know. As for drinking, bars have even been set up upon the second floor where the dancing took place.

"The old folks amuse themselves by talking together, looking on and seeing how well their sons and daughters can dance, the old men drinking a little whiskey, several times repeated, and perhaps treating their wives to some sarsaparilla. By evening the old folks will be at home; but the daughters, who could hardly expect the young men to walk home with them as long as the sun was shining, stay later, carrying gingerbread and peanuts home in their handkerchiefs.

"Roving gamblers also visit the battalion; and many an unwary youth has lost all his money, earned by hard work, and, after that was gone, has striven to better his fortune, but unsuccessfully, by giving up his watch."

The remark of the last speaker, that they still have the *badolya*, or annual training, in Berks without any soldiers, reminds me that they still have in Germany the *Kirch-weihe*, church consecration, or saint's day, without going to any church at all, but dance and are merry after harvest.





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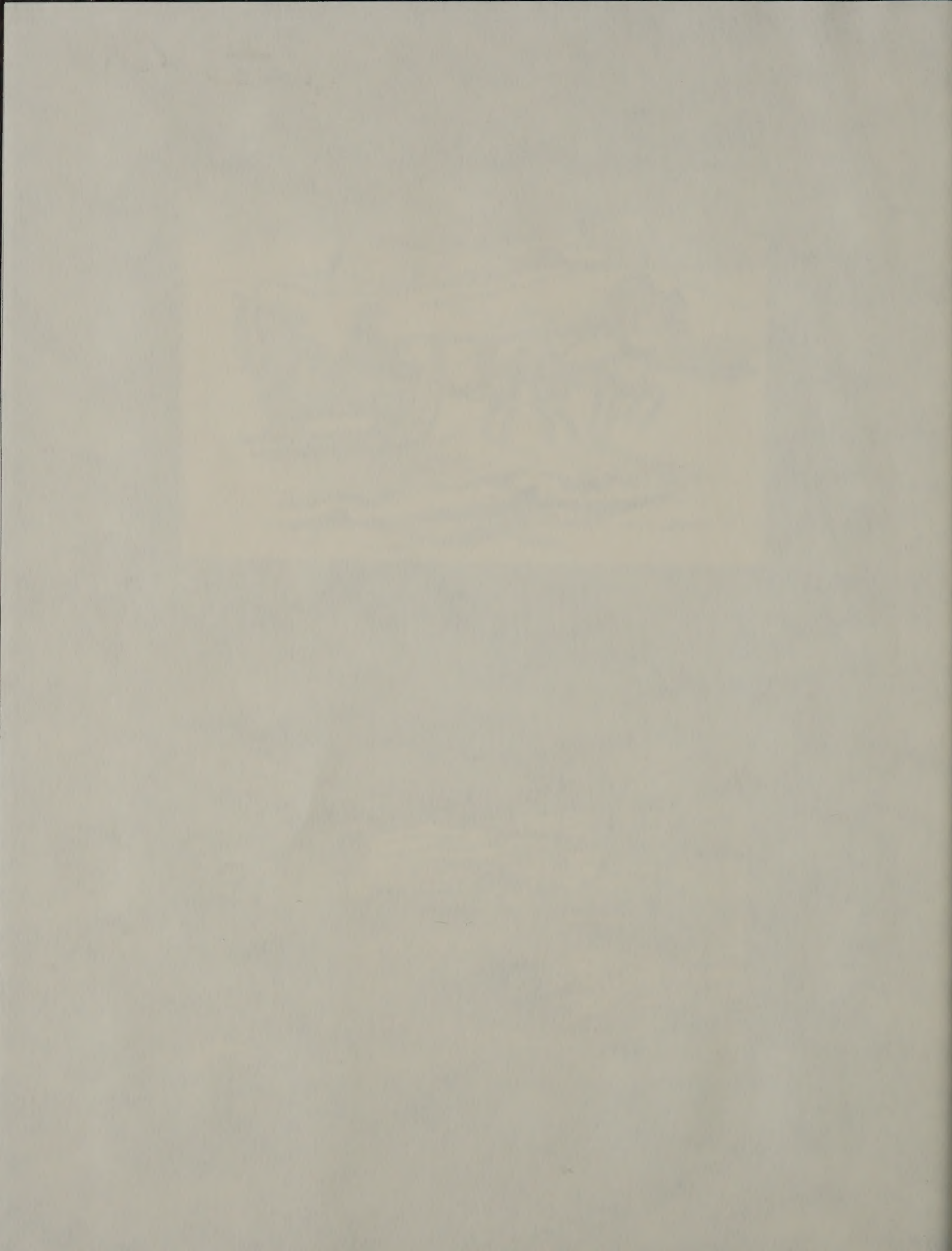














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